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Angus McBride's CHARACTERS of MIDDLE-EARTH™



29 full-color plates accompanied by game statistics for characters from J.R.R. Tolkien's THE HOBBIT® and THE LORD OF THE RINGS™ for use with MIDDLE-EARTH ROLE PLAYING™, ROLEMASTER™, and other major FRP games.

I.C.E.

Angus McBride's

Characters of Middle-Earth™

ANGUS MCBRIDE'S CHARACTERS OF MIDDLE-EARTH™

Illustrated by ***Angus McBride***

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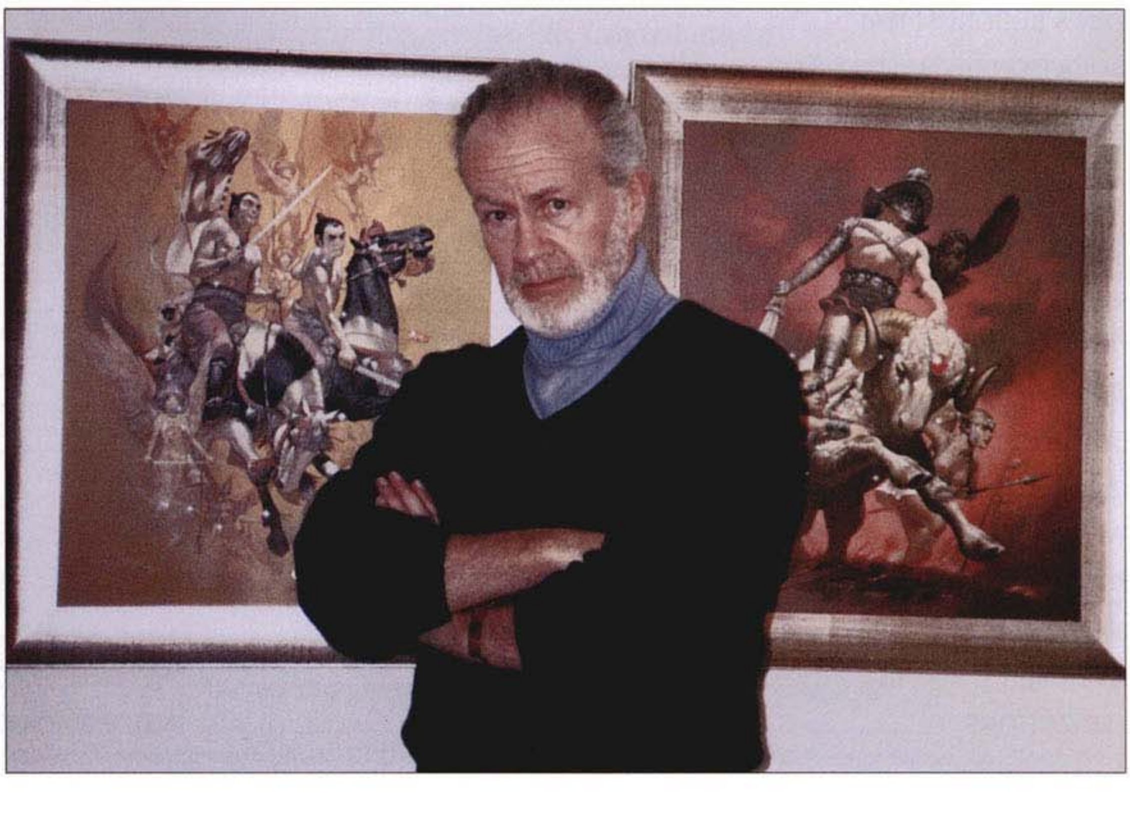
ABOUT THE ARTIST

Angus McBride, born in London in 1931 of Scottish parents, worked in advertising studios in London and South Africa from the age of sixteen, until in 1961 a deepening interest in illustration led him to return to the U.K. as a freelance artist.

Entirely self-taught, he specialized in historical reconstruction, and over the next twenty-five years he worked on a wide variety of juvenile and adult subjects including military and civil costume, ancient civilizations, anthropology and natural history. Having been interested from an early age in folklore and mythology, and intrigued by many of the more curious byways of superstition, he gradually developed an enthusiasm for fantasy illustrations. Here was a satisfactory outlet for his vivid Celtic imagination, in which his wide reading in history and archaeology could play a part. The paintings of Frazetta and the illustrations of Rackham and Dulac pointed the way. There was evidently a wide-spread public with a voracious appetite for imaginative illustration, and by the early eighties a well established industry in fantasy- and war-gaming.

McBride's association with ICE began with a shared interest in Tolkien's Middle-earth. He had long regarded *The Lord of the Rings* as perhaps one of the greatest and richest inspirations of fantasy illustration, and was only too ready to take on the job of producing cover art for ICE's Middle-earth publications. He is careful to stick closely to Tolkien's written text, believing that it is not necessary to deviate from vivid descriptions that have become fixed in the minds of a world-wide readership; but he explores the posssibilities of landscape, lighting and seasonal changes in heightening the atmosphere of his interpretations.

Personal Details: Married to Patricia (a South African from Cape Town) with two grown children, Ian — now working in Sccotland, and Fiona — now working in a legal firm in Cape Town. Sundry pets — three dogs, one Siamese cat, and a pet canary that sings to classical music.



FOREWORD

Fantasy role playing is akin to a living novel where the players are the main characters. Under the guidance of the referee or Gamemaster, everyone combines to write a story never short of adventure. They help create a new land and its tales.

This work is part of a series designed as a flexible tool for Gamemasters who wish to run scenarios or campaigns set in J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth. It includes statistical information based on the ***Middle-earth Role Playing (MERP)*** and ***Rolemaster (RM)*** fantasy systems. A game supplement, it is adaptable for use with most major role playing games. Creative guidelines, not absolutes, are emphasized.

Professor Tolkien's Legacy

Angus McBride's Characters of Middle-earth is based on extensive research and attempts to meet the high standards associated with the Tolkien legacy. Rational linguistic, cultural, and geological data are employed. Interpretive material has been included with great care, and fits into defined patterns and schemes. ICE does not intend it to be the sole or proper view; instead, we hope to give the reader the thrust of the creative processes and the character of each given event or individual described.

This is an authorized secondary work. It is specifically based on ***The Hobbit***® and ***The Lord of the Rings***™, although it has been developed so that no conflict exists with any of the other primary publications. Remember that the ultimate sources of information are the works of Professor J.R.R. Tolkien. Posthumous publications edited by his son Christopher shed additional light on the world of Middle-earth.

INTRODUCTION

The dark terror of the Witch-king, Gandalf's patriarchal majesty, and Galadriel's perilous beauty can now be more than mere words. When Saruman croons treachery in the ears of a player character, if Aragorn fights by the side of an adventurer, or should Treebeard the Ent rescue a band of PCs lost in Fangorn Forest, Gamemasters may display full-color illustrations of these famous characters, all compiled in one easy-to-use sourcebook.

Included among the portraits of the great, color plates of lesser individuals present unusual and interesting characters for use by the players in a Middle-earth fantasy campaign. As Lothuial, assassin-bandit of Dol Amroth, wait for your next victim. Avenge the murder of your sister Ure as Éogil, Rider of Rohan. Or resist the dread Warlord Sangarunya as Pon Ivic the Gusar, when this awesome minion of the Storm King seeks you on a mission of vengeance.

Angus McBride's Characters of Middle-earth describes individuals, both prominent and obscure, who roam Tolkien's world. For use by Gamemasters as NPCs or by players as PCs, each color plate is accompanied by a page of relevant text and game statistics. These stats can be easily converted to most major FRP systems.

Using This Game Supplement

The text placed opposite each color plate is made up of six components: the title of the illustration, a list of the characters who both appear in the art and are covered in the text, a brief fantasy description of the action, a note on the setting, a description of each character depicted, and full game statistics for the ***MERP***™ and ***Rolemaster***™ systems.

The first item is the title of the illustration adjacent to the text. Immediately following the title is a listing of the characters. Next, the brief fantasy description of the action provides the more subtle details concerning the events depicted. GMs planning to replicate these happenings in their campaigns will find the description useful for setting the mood of the scene, while players adopting the portrayed characters for their own will gain insight into the motivations governing the individual's actions — an absolute must for good role playing.

A paragraph pinpointing the adventure site orients the reader to the more obscure geopgraphic locations or gives an overview of familiar places. (A map on page 64 shows more precisely the location of the site depicted in each illustration.) Additionally, the text introduces the portrayed characters and tells why they have come to the site.

Descriptions of each of the illustrated characters touch on their backgound, their place in the myriad societal groupings of Endor, their most significant weapons, and any special equipment they employ. Game stats follow the description.

None of the individuals described in *Angus McBride's Characters of Middle-earth* is given the exhaustive treatment found in the biographical sketches in ICE's Middle-earth Campaign and Adventure modules. Instead, the emphasis is on providing sufficiently pertinent information to complement the portraits compiled. Brief coverage of the action, the site, and the persons involved is presented. This work is a game supplement, a general aid; it is not a substitute for products that focus on one place or territory and the persons and possessions located there.

ON THE PELENNOR FIELDS

Éowyn, the Witch-king, and Merry

"'Begone, foul dwimmerlaik, lord of carrion! Leave the dead in peace!'

"A cold voice answered: 'Come not between the Nazgûl and his prey! Or he will not slay thee in thy turn. He will bear thee away to the houses of lamentation, beyond all darkness, where thy flesh shall be devoured, and thy shrivelled mind be left naked to the Lidless Eye.'

"A sword rang as it was drawn. 'Do what you will; but I will hinder it, if I may.'

"'Hinder me? Thou fool. No living man may hinder me!'

"Then Merry heard of all sounds in that hour the strangest. It seemed that Dernhelm laughed, and the clear voice was like the ring of steel. 'But no living man am I! You look upon a woman. Éowyn I am, Éomund's daughter. You stand between me and my lord and kin. Begone, if you be not deathless! For living or dark undead, I will smite you, if you touch him.'"

— The Lord of the Rings, Vol. 3, p. 141

The Setting — The Pelennor Fields of Minas Tirith

The Pelennor, the "Enclosed Lands" of Minas Tirith, were comprised of cultivated fields, orchards, and grazing folds. The fertile hills spread out from the capital to the north, east, and south, and were enclosed by a great dike on whose crown stood the Rammas Echor, a massive fortified wall.

During the War of the Ring, the Riders of Rohan came in haste to the Pelennor Fields in response to the Red Arrow sent by Gondor's Steward to call for the Rohir host. Éowyn, Théoden's niece, and Meriadoc, his esquire, traveled with the Riders unknown to the King.

The Witch-king rode from Minas Ithil at the head of Orcs and Haradrim to do his Master's bidding and bring war to the West. His forces besieged the capital of Gondor, Minas Tirith.

Éowyn

As Dernhelm, Éowyn rode with King Théoden into Gondor and to combat on the Pelennor Fields. She took part in the fateful charge against the Orcs and Haradrim that culminated in Théoden's confrontation with the Witch-king, and watched as the Lord of the Nazgûl slew her adopted father. Éowyn revealed her identity and challenged the Chieftain of the Fell Riders to single combat. The Wraith-king scoffed at her, but Éowyn fulfilled the prophecy of his doom and avenged her uncle's death by slaying the Lord of the Ringwraiths and his Fell Beast.

She wore a chain hauberk, carried a shield bearing the white horse of Rohan, and wielded a broadsword. Her steed Windfola threw both Éowyn and Merry in the terror induced by the Nazgûl's proximity. Thus the Rohir warrior maid and the Hobbit faced the Ringwraith unmounted.

The Witch-king

As the ram Grond smashed the Great Gates of Minas Tirith, the newly arrived Rohirrim struck the Witch-king's besieging forces from the north. The Lord of the Nazgûl responded by personally intervening in the fray involving the Rohir King. Flying on the back of his Fell Beast, he dove upon Théoden. Snowmane, Théoden's steed, reared in panic at the Ringwraith's approach and fell upon his rider when a black dart pierced him. The King perished beneath Snowmane's bulk, and the Nazgûl's mount settled on the horse's corpse. The King's death enraged Théoden's niece, Éowyn, who fought disguised as Dernhelm.

The Witch-king bore the Crown of Angmar, a simple iron crown unadorned by jewels or inlay, on his ghostly brow. He wielded Nallagurth, the Elf- and Man-slaying mace forged in Utumno out of black eog.

Merry

One of the Fellowship of the Ring, Merry pledged his services to King Théoden in Rohan, and thus won the old King's heart. The Hobbit rode with the Riders of Rohan on their epic journey to Minas Tirith to relieve the besieged warriors of Gondor. And on the Pelennor Fields, Merry stood by Théoden even when the Lord of the Nazgûl attacked. In an incredible display of loyalty and courage, the Hobbit stabbed the chief Ringwraith with his Dagger of Westernesse, distracting the Witch-king and weakening his defenses sufficiently for the warrior maiden Éowyn to slay him.

Merry wore the stout leather jerkin and belt given him by Éowyn at Aragorn's orders. He bore a knife (also given by Éowyn), his Dagger of Westernesse, and a shield emblazoned with the device of a white horse.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
8	93	Ch/13	40	Y5	N	104bs	94sb	5
Éowyn — Rohir Warrior/Fighter. Prior to T.A. 3018.								
24	135	Ch/13	55	Y5	N	175bs	166sb	5
Éowyn — Rohir Warrior/Fighter. After slaying the Witch-king.								
60	360	Pl/20	120	N	N	180ma	90cp	30
The Witch-king — Black Númenórean Mage/Sorcerer. Nazgûl-lord.								
8	71	SL/5	20	Y	N	95ss	80sb	20
Merry — Hobbit Warrior/Fighter. Théoden's esquire.								


Angus McBride '87

THE ENEMY AT THE GATE

Gandalf, Shadowfax, and the Witch-king

"In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl. A great black shape against the fires beyond he loomed up, grown to a vast menace of dispair. In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl, under the archway that no enemy had ever yet passed, and all fled before his face.

"All save one. There waiting, silent and still in the space before the Gate, sat Gandalf upon Shadowfax who alone among the free horses of the earth endured the terror, unmoving, steadfast as a graven image in Rath Dínen.

"'You cannot enter here,' said Gandalf, and the huge shadow halted. 'Go back to the abyss prepared for you! Go back! Fall into the nothingness that waits you and your Master. Go!'

"The Black Rider flung back his hood, and behold! he had a kingly crown; and yet upon no head visible was it set. The red fires shone between it and the mantled shoulders vast and dark. From a mouth unseen there came a deadly laughter.

"'Old fool!' he said. 'Old fool! This is my hour. Do you not know death when you see it? Die now and curse in vain!' And with that he lifted high his sword and flames ran down the blade."

— The Lord of the Rings, Vol. 3, p. 125

The Setting — Minas Tirith

Minas Tirith, the Guarded City, rises from the great knee of rock that stands at the base of Mount Mindolluin, the last and eastern-most peak in the White Mountains. Capital of Gondor, it is the preeminent symbol of the Free People's struggle against Sauron of Mordor. Set above the Anduin, where the Great River sweeps around the green fields of the Pelennor, the city commands the wide gap between the Ered Nimrais and the Mountains of Shadow that encircle the Dark Lord's homeland.

The seven white walls of Minas Tirith seem to grow out of the stone, as if carved by ancient Giants. The Great Gate, a massive barbican set in the lower and outermost wall, defends the sole apparent entrance to the city. Behind the Gate lies the Wide Court, used for official purposes only — Door-wardens who draw travellers aside to check them or guardsmen marshalling for a review. The Citadel Rock, a narrow ridge of stone, rises from the rear of the court, its sharp edge resembling a ship-keel from the east.

During the siege of Minas Tirith, many of the defenders fled the first circle of the city. Fires started by burning missiles catapulted high over the walls cut off the lines of retreat for the garrison of the outer wall, and those who remained at their posts were few.

Gandalf

When the ram Grond broke the Gates of Minas Tirith, no warriors remained to hold the breach. Gandalf stood alone before the entering foe. Yet his strength, unaided by allies, sufficed to halt the Black Captain. Although the Wizard's form resembled that of a bent, old man, and frequently led both friends and enemies to underestimate his powers, the Istar's strength derived from the Secret Fire, the essence of Eru. A more accurate perspective of his abilities is obtained by remembering that he held off all Nine Nazgûl on Weathertop three days before Strider reached there with Frodo, Sam, Merry, and Pippin. The Wizard's confrontation with the Witch-king took place after his death in the struggle against Durin's Bane, and as Gandalf the White the Istar possessed greater power than ever before.

Shadowfax

Shadowfax was one of the Mearas, that line of horses descended from Nahar, the steed of the Vala Oromë. He could understand human speech, would bear his rider without aid of saddle or bridle and could outrun even the winged Fell Beasts of the Dark Lord. Shadowfax's courage was greater than that granted to most Men, since he withstood the terror of the Morgul-lord's presence.

Gandalf obtained the noble creature's friendship when he visited Théoden after escaping Saruman's clutches. Due to the council of Gríma Wormtongue, Théoden angrily bade the Wizard take any horse he wished, so long as he departed Rohan speedily. Yet Shadowfax served Gandalf well throughout the War of the Ring.

The Witch-king

The Black Captain, the intelligence behind the siege of Minas Tirith, rode behind Grond as the ram crawled toward the Great Gate of the city. The Nazgûl's presence was responsible for the lack of defenders at the sundered portal. The Witch-king cared little for the numbers of his own troops slain in the battle, and he trampled the fallen in the wake of the creeping ram. As he approached the riven doors, all fled in the terror engendered by the Morgul-lord among mortals. Despite the Ringwraith's mocking words for the lone defender at the Gate, he halted when confronted by Gandalf.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
50(120)	300	Pl/20	150	N	A/L	220bs	15sp/da	55
Gandalf — Gandalf the White.								
60	360	Pl/20	120	N	N	180bs	90cp	30
The Witch-king — Black Númenórean Mage/Sorcerer.								

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Size/Crit	Speed
12	210	SL/4	60	L/I	BF/VF
Attacks: 120MCr/95MTs/90MBi					
Shadowfax — Meara.					



THE SACK OF OSGILIATH

KINGSMAN AGAINST A REBEL

"... The chief city of this southern realm was Osgiliath, through the midst of which the Great River flowed; and the Númenóreans built there a great bridge, upon which there were towers and houses of stone wonderful to behold, and tall ships came up out of the sea to the quays of the city... In Minas Ithil was the house of Isildur, and in Minas Anor the house of Anárion, but they shared the realm between them and their thrones were set side by side in the Great Hall of Osgiliath..."

— The Silmarillion, p. 291

THE SETTING — OSGILIATH

Originally founded as the capital of Gondor, Osgiliath's halls and towers were situated on both banks of the Anduin as well as the bridges crossing it, just north of the confluence of the Great River with the Ithilduin. Minas Ithil to the east and Minas Anor (later Minas Tirith) to the west overlooked the city from their lofty mountain seats.

The Kin-strife of T.A. 1437, during King Eldacar's reign, resulted in the sacking of the capital. Trouble had been brewing for years before civil war erupted. Valacar, Eldacar's father, had married a Rhovanion princess, Vidumavi. It was the first time an heir to the throne of Gondor had married outside the line of Elros.

The great lords of the Southern Provinces refused to acknowledge Vidumavi's son Eldacar. Rallying behind the native-born Prince Castamir, who was Captain of the Ships, the rebels (many from Pelargir and Umbar) assaulted Osgiliath with armies and the fleet. Families were divided in their loyalties; brave men fell on both sides. The Palantír was lost in the waters of the Anduin when Castamir burned the city. His forces took Osgiliath after a protracted siege.

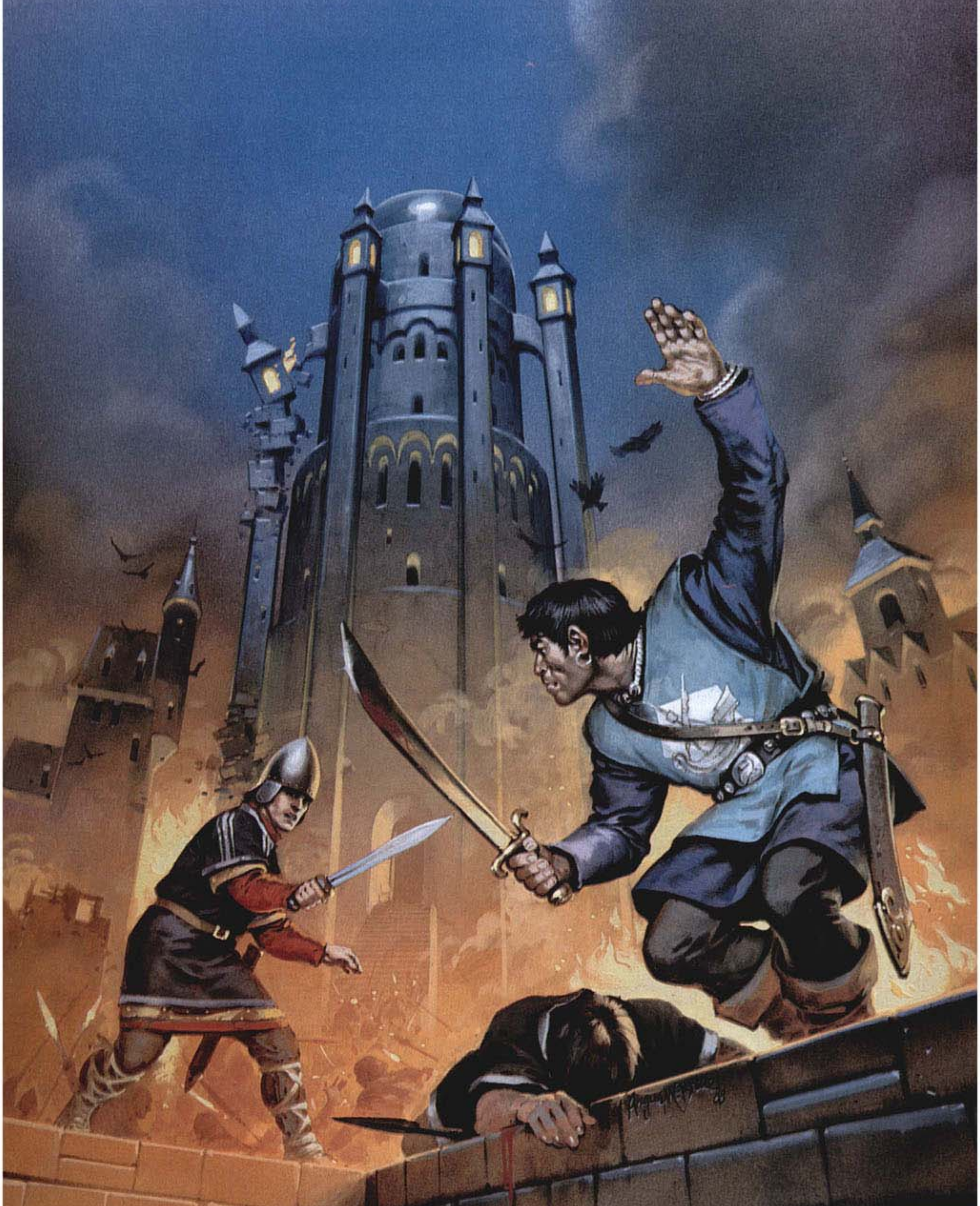
CELEDIL, KINGSMAN

A loyalist fighting for King Eldacar, Celedil wears the black surcoat emblazoned with a silvery image of the White Tree, symbol of Gondor, that serves as a uniform for warriors in the Royal Army. The jerkin beneath his surcoat is constructed of pliable leather. Celedil's weapon is unusual for a Gondorean soldier, a dag brought back from the Utter East by an ancestor and passed down from son to son. His high-crowned helmet is standard issue, however.

BALDAERION, REBEL

A native of Umbar who married and settled in Pelargir, Baldaerion pursued a successful career in the Royal Navy under Castamir of Pelargir, Captain of the Ships. When his commander joined the rebel forces, Baldaerion followed suit without a second thought. His loyalties were to himself and the men who would control his advancement through the ranks rather than to Gondor and her rightful sovereign. Baldaerion wears a tabard bearing the White Ship that identified Castamir's forces.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
6	92	SL/5	30	N	N	120dag	95da	5
Celedil, Kingsman — Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter. +25 dag (a double-edge falchion with an unusually wide and heavy blade); belt, +20 DB.								
5	79	No/1	55	N	N	105fa	85da	25
Baldaerion, Rebel — Mixed Dúnadan/Haradan Warrior/Fighter. +10 falchion; torque, +25 DB; earring, acts as a helm.								



RIVER HAUNT

Farahail Witnesses a Ghost

A mist concealed the surface of the river, hiding the reflection of the moon that peeked from behind the scurrying clouds. Farahail scanned the far bank of the Anduin, noting the beacon that flared to mark shoals there. The young man felt strangely alert, despite the late hour. The breeze seemed charged with hidden meaning, and the lapping of the river's current brought to Farahail's mind visions of far away ports where the moonlight illuminated graceful vessels of the Utter East.

A flicker of phosphorescent light near the east bank drew Farahail's gaze back from his flight of fancy. Drifting through the fog, the unearthly glow emanated from a shrouded black figure that seemed to glide at the water's surface. Stiffling a cry, Farahail ducked behind a tree.

The Setting — The Anduin River

The mighty Anduin is the longest river in all of Endor. It flows from the Grey Mountains in the northern wilds of Rhovanion, along the eastern edge of Rohan, past the great cities of Osgiliath, Minas Tirith, Pelargir, and finally into the Bay of Belfalas.

The small town of Bar-en-Tinnen lies on its eastern bank in Harithilien, sixty miles downstream from Minas Tirith. A usual stop for travelling merchant vessels, the settlement marks the confluence of the river Tinnen and the lower Anduin.

Many stories of the Anduin arise from the small villages on its banks, and Bar-en-Tinnen is no exception. Tales of phantoms and heinous beasts lurking in the depths thrill their listeners when recounted. Yet not all rumors are false. Farahail, a young resident of Bar-en-Tinnen, discovered a ghost during a midnight stroll when he was unable to sleep.

Farahail

Farahail looks every bit as young and wide-eyed as his nineteen years. His round face is topped with a mop of sandy brown hair, and his hazel eyes are among his more notable features. He is of mixed Dúnadan stock and not overly tall. The youth works as a tailor in town, but he is known for his skills as a storyteller and singer. His personality is dynamic, and he becomes enthusiastic about very trivial events. For this reason, the town elders have dismissed the bard's tale as another one of his infamous stories.

The "Ghost"

Raenar is a tall, well-kempt man in his mid-thirties. Of Black Númenórean descent, he dresses in rather plain clothing to avoid attracting attention. He came to Bar-en-Tinnen a year ago to serve as the Dark Lord's ferryman for the spies that cross back and forth across the Anduin. Cloaked in black, he makes these voyages once or twice a week, guiding his boat through pockets of mist and the flitting shadows cast by clouds before the moon.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
1	20	No/1	23	N	N	20da	10sl	5
Farahail — Mixed Dúnadan Bard. Harp, +15 to all music-related skills.								
5	60	RL/9	25	N	N	40bs	65cp	5
The "Ghost" — Black Númenórean Ranger. Knows Nature's Guises to 10th lvl; 5 PP; +15 composite bow; +10 Cloak of Stalking; Oar of Silence, creates a sphere (10'R) of silence around the boat it propels.								



BATTLE AT SEA

Elenaerion Repels a Corsair Ship Captain

"The two navies met in T.A. 1643, the year that brought a scourge to the Anduin valley. Corsairs under the leadership of Castamir's great-grandsons — Angamaitë and Sangahyando — sailed up the Great River, burning villages and laying waste to the freshwater shores of Lebennin and South Ithilien. The assailing force engaged and bested Gondor's Royal Fleet at Pelargir. They killed King Minardil, but proved unable to take the great port. Nevertheless, the coastal folk of the Stone Land carried fear in their hearts of another Corsair raid for many a year."

— Sea-lords of Gondor, p. 10

The Setting — The Lower Anduin

Wide enough to counterfeit a great inland lake or an ocean inlet, the Anduin at Pelargir grows as choppy on a windy day as the Bay of Belfalas. Although the river's current is slow this far south, its shifting shoals and sandbars create very real hazards to shipping. The Anduin flows into the northeastern extremity of the Bay of Belfalas where the volcanic isle of Tolfalas rises from the sea in a series of steep peaks. Hazardous rocks between Tolfalas and Belfalas to the west force shipping to sail the eastern waters frequented by Corsair raiders.

Aboard vessels equipped with sturdy rams, these seaborne warriors periodically assail the wealthy, yet vulnerable, coastal territories of Dor-en-Ernil, Lebennin, and Harondor. When challenged by a Corsiar raid, the Royal Fleet of Gondor sails to defend its holdings.

Elenaerion

As a Lord-captain in Gondor's navy, Elenaerion commands one Wing of the Royal Fleet. Only the High-captain and the King himself hold more authority. In battle, the Lord-captain wears a white surcoat under his metal breastplate faced with black leather and emblazoned with the White Tree, symbol of the South Kingdom. His shield is also faced with leather and possesses a central boss forged of mithril. The two white wing-plumes in Elenaerion's tall, silver helm indicate his noble lineage.

Vargaelas, Corsair Ship Captain

Commanding a three-masted warship out of Umbar, Vargaelas sails with the Corsair fleet whenever the oligarchs who rule the port city seek battle with their age-old rival, the navy of Pelargir. Vargaelas bears a falchion, its blade adorned with scrollwork, in melee. His helm is of the Númenórean karma design, and the leather of his armor glows with the vibrant red, gold, and orange hues typical of Sothron warriors.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
20	157	Pl/17	40	Y10	N	165ss	155cp	10
Elenaerion — Dúnadan Scout/Rogue. Lord-captain and Legate of Pelargir. +10 magic black breastplate which encumbers as AT RL/9; +10 shortsword that becomes dagger on command or when sheathed, and can be thrown as a dagger yielding shortsword damage; +10 broadsword; +10 composite bow; Knight-captain's ring, +3 spell adder. Knows 4 Open Essence spell lists to 5th lvl. 20 PP								
13	150	RL/10	55	Y10	A/L	155fa	150cp	15
Vargaelas — Corsair Ship Captain Black Númenórean Warrior/Fighter.								



A SHADE IN WAITING

Lothuial

Lothuial waited, silent and immobile as the rock she leaned against. Her prized possession, the enchanted dagger, gleamed with a pale silvery light in the chill night air. Behind her, Dol Amroth glittered like a jewel in the moonlight, the port city alive and bustling even at this late hour — which would soon be more than she could say for the lone traveler approaching on the seaward path.

Blood rushed through her veins as Lothuial's anticipation mounted, yet she remained quiet as the wind. Her hood fell back, freeing her beautiful sable hair, but she dared not move to gather it back. "No matter, it will not distract me. Gontran will be pleased with my earnings for tonight," she mused, already gloating over the uncounted wealth of her unsuspecting target. "Fool! He thinks that the Prince can protect him! Well, he is not safe from the Shades of Dol Amroth!"

The Setting — Southern Gondor

The great fief called Dor-en-Ernil, the "Land of the Prince," comprises all the lands between the rivers Gilrain and Ringló and includes the penninsula of Belfalas. The famous haven of Dol Amroth stands on a spit of land above a deep harbor located on the northwestern-most shore of the promontory. The hills outside the city shelter a company of assassins whose leader walks in the Dark Lord's shadow. No traveller is safe from their deadly attention.

Lothuial

The daughter of one of the Prince's yeomen, Lothuial coveted her father's skill with the longbow from the time she could walk. When her younger brother began to learn the rudiments of archery, while she was trained in herblore by her mother, Lothuial's resentment festered and grew. Her family was traditional in the ways followed by the Dúnedain, and its women were not trained in the arts of war. The young girl took to slipping away into the woods with a "borrowed" longbow to practice shooting at tree trunks, then squirrels, and finally deer as her prowess improved.

One morning, hoping that her proficiency would mollify her father, Lothuial demonstrated her skill to him. Unfortunately, the realization that his daughter had been disobeying him for years merely enraged the yeoman beyond reason. Rigid and white with anger, he forbade Lothuial to enter the family home and informed her that that the family name was no longer hers to use. Lothuial possessed a temper as fiery as her sire's was cold. Drawing on the herblore so unwillingly learned, the young woman placed a powder in the water of her father's pitcher and wash basin before departing to the woodlands forever. She miscalculated the dose: instead of developing a painful, but temporary, outbreak of hives, the yeoman burned with a fever of which he died. Lothuial had become a fugitive in truth. Unable to return to either family or society, she joined Gontran's band of Shades.

Lothuial wears the dark grey garb adopted by the Shades of Dol Amroth. It is practical gear, although her cloak possesses an ornately embroidered stripe on its lining. The assassin's cloakpin resembles a leering Orc's face, and half a dozen silver bangles adorn her neck. Lothuial's dagger, heavier than most such blades, is her most prized possession.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
4	70	No/1	15	N	N	80da	45da	15

Lothuial — Dúnadan Scout/Assassin. +25 dagger, delivers 2x concussion hits; Cloak of Hiding, +10 to hiding; cloakpin, +10 to moving manuevers; neck bangles, prevent neck crits (01-10).


Angus McBride 87

HARADAN VENGEANCE

Pon Ivic and Sangarunya

Unseated and flat on his back, Pon Ivic spat sand and looked up. He cursed as his horse ran off toward Ello's Butte. Without a mount he had little chance against his foe. After all, the Warrior-lord had nearly cut Ivic's head off. The Haradan ranger only escaped by tumbling from his saddle.

Suddenly Ivic remembered who he was fighting. Fear ripped through his gut as he recognized his plight: "The Black Dragon . . . it is Sangarunya himself!"

The muffled hoofbeats stopped as Sangarunya wheeled his steed and charged the prone ranger. Mere seconds remained for Ivic to react. The Umbarean Lord closed, his horse dashing across the sand like a wild demon about to fell his prey.

Grabbing his one-edged sword, Ivic leaped to his feet. He turned just as a shadow swept over his right shoulder. Ivic raised his blade, hoping to parry Sangarunya's magic scimitar. The desert sword danced off the Umbarean's sword; his dark eyes bore rays of hatred. As he leaned to deliver his killing blow, the Warlord whispered: "Lie like a snake and color the sand!"

The Setting — Southwestern Middle-earth

Huge sand dunes ebb and flow with seasonal winds in the region that lies east of Far Harad's Suza Sumar (Ap. "Forest of Tears") and stretches north almost to the city of Umbar. Known as the Dune Sea (Ap. "Daniz Ekesebi"), its southern portions are dominated by the horse-archers of the Gusar.

Gusar's Djebel, a fortified sandstone outcropping that stands on the southern edge of the Brij Mijesec in Far Harad, is home to the Gusar clan. The warriors concentrate their hostility against the Poganin, the foreigners who come to defile their land. The armies of the Storm King (Akhôrahil) have suffered especially at the hands of the Gusars. One of their chieftains, Pon Ivic, trapped a host of 500 cavalry in a canyon during a sudden desert rain storm. The resulting flash flood destroyed the entire force. Sangarunya himself travelled into the Daniz Ekesebi to eradicate the man responsible.

Pon Ivic

Pon Ivic bears a grudge against the Poganin stronger than the contempt generally felt by the Gusars. His infant brother was spitted on a foreigner's spear before young Ivic's eyes during a journey made by their mother to seek healing in the sacred city of Tresti. A chieftain among his folk, Ivic has displayed considerable imagination in pursuing his goal: the eviction of the Poganin from the lands of all Harad.

Exceptionally fast on his feet, Pon Ivic disdains the mail shirts worn by most of his compatriots. His silk surcoat and tunic are far cooler in the desert heat, and his dodging abilities unhampered.

Sangarunya

Motivated by more than strategy, the Warlord of the Storm King's army sought Pon Ivic in the desert to repair his reputation as an invincible general. The loss of an entire company of cavalry rankled, and some of Sangarunya's rivals for the favor of their Nazgûl master were gaining in the competition. Swift retaliation was necessary.

Sangarunya's enchanted mail covers the dragon emblazoned on his red surcoat, but that device is fully visible on his shield. He wields a falchion, and is nearly as skilled with a compound bow.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
11	120	No/1	50	N	N	105fa	130cp	20
Pon Ivic — Haradan Ranger. Knows 4 Base Ranger lists to 10th lvl; 35 PP; +2 spell adder; head wrap, +25 DB, prevents head crits on a roll of 01-15.								
27	165	Pl/20	50	Y	Y	195fa	175cp	15
Sangarunya — Umbarean (Black Númenórean) Warrior. Warlord of the Army of the Southern Dragon.								


Angus McBride

TORI-JI

Tica the Birdman

The image burned behind Orrit Kelarin's closed eyes. Brilliant plumage of cobalt blue, sulphurous yellow, turquoise, jade green, and crimson glowed on its outspread wings. An insane human face, stretched and deformed to create a bird's beak from its flesh, gibbered and drooled with hunger. And dangling from the tangled hair clutched in the Bird-beast's claws, a man's head spun and swung like a pendulum, sprinkling the jungle foliage with the blood that dripped from its severed neck. The Haradan warrior shuddered and took a firmer grip on his sword. He scanned the edges of the clearing surrounding him. When would the beast return?

The bushes rustled suddenly, and Kelarin jerked his gaze over one shoulder, pivoting rapidly. His weapon arm lunged forward, but his blade sliced only quivering leaves and shadows. False alarm! He faded back to the clearing's center, and only then noticed the strange tingling in his right shoulder. Another dart slapped the links of his chain hauberk and fell to the ground as the warrior's eyes drooped shut.

The Setting — Southwestern Middle-earth

Kelarin's encounter with Tica the Birdman took place in the Forest of Tears, north of Bozisha-Dar in western Far Harad. Kelarin had accompanied Feritor Klorin into the wood in search of the rare loam called Lon-Tiefil. Feritor was slain by the Honnin bird-spirit, but his bodyguard lived to tell the tale.

Tica The Birdman

The being that is the focus of the Tori-Ji is an interesting mixture of deity and beast, known to the Honnin as Oku-Tori. A normal man has been taken by the god of birds as a channel through which to communicate with the Honnin. The spirit itself has little more intellect than the forest birds it rules, and its life is filled only with the satisfaction of its animal appetites. When it is joined with a man, however, it takes on some of his understanding. The spirit can communicate with other men, and it can comprehend their desires. The unfortunate host is driven completely mad by this possession, and nothing of his original character shows once he assumes his role. In return for the strength it derives from their worship and the food they bring to sustain its host, the god gives the Honnin help when they hunt the birds of the Suza Sumar (the Forest of Tears) and information on the passings that are seen by its avian legions. It should be noted that the birds themselves are not revered by the jungle faith; they are just one of the forest's many resources which their gods help the Honnin use to better advantage.

In addition to the role of medium, the god gives the body it takes the power of flight. Almost instantly upon possession, bright feathers sprout from the skin of the man, and broad wings form at his shoulders. His face stretches forward into a cruel beak, matched by fearsome talons at his hands and feet. Whenever the spirit chooses, it can fly from its open roost at the peak of the tower, out across the forest to join with its minions in the freedom of the skies. Strangely though, the deity spends the majority of its time huddled in a rude nest, surrounded by its own filth.

Each day, however, it does venture out at least once. At the setting of the sun, the spirit in its altered body takes wing to gather heads. The reason for this is unknown even to the members of the cult, but it is accepted as the right of the god. It is really nothing more than the sort of purposeless interest which some more normal birds take in gathering small, shiny objects. In addition to the many tattoos that are common among their people, the men of the Tower of Birds wear a complicated image of their god upon their throats. Oku-Tori does not shy away even from his own servants when the hunt is on, and they believe that this mark will deliver them into further service of the avian spirit if he should take their lives. They also make an effort to be inside their temple through the hours around dusk.

In appearance, the god of the Tori-Ji is both terrifying and sad. Though it is only of typical Honnin stature, its spreading wings span thirteen feet, and the blackened claws that have replaced its hands and feet are powerful and razor sharp. The creature has no instinct towards grooming, and the fine feathers that grow from the human flesh are soiled; spattered with blood as well as the beast's own wastes. Its smell is powerfully repulsive, but the men who serve in the temple have grown used to it. It wears no clothing, but the tattered, filthy feathers cover all of its body except the face, where mad eyes stare from normal Honnin features above a bony beak.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Attack	MovM
10	150	No/1	25	N	N	90LCl/80LPi	30

Tica the Birdman — Nermir Spirit. A Spirit of the Wood that has possessed one of the Honnin.



WARLORD'S CHALLENGE

Sangarunya Battles a Sand Drake

Buried in a desert drift, Sangarunya heaved against the weight on his shoulders. Dust and sand sprayed from his chain mail as the Warlord stood upright. The rays of the setting sun stabbed his eyes. "Curse the day the Haradan jackal spoke," he muttered.

He shaded his eyes to scan his surroundings. The sand storm had changed the immediate terrain, but the Kasrelu Table Rocks still loomed against the horizon. Without his mount, it would be many hours to the oasis beyond them. Sangarunya shook his canteen: only a swallow of water remained. He tightened his lips and stepped forward. True warriors were bred to overcome hardship.

A lizard sped away from his booted foot toward the spines of half-buried driftwood. The Warlord took another step, then paused with wary muscles and suddenly intent gaze. Those driftwood prongs were strangely regular.

With a hissing roar, the golden, sinuous form of a Sand Drake rose from beneath the sands. Its glaring eyes focused on the Umbarean warrior. Scimitar in hand and shield raised, Sangarunya searched for an opening. He would get only one chance.

The Setting — Southwestern Middle-earth

The Dune Sea lies east of the Suzar Sumar in Far Harad and stretches north almost to the city of Umbar. Sangarunya, the Warlord of the Army of the Southern Dragon, ventured onto its sands to bring vengeance to an old foe. He encountered a ravenous Sand Drake while returning to Fhûl, the fortress located in the Yellow Mountains south of Chennacatt.

Sangarunya

Sangarunya was born of Númenórean stock in Umbar, but his family did not reside long there. During the persecution of the priests of the Dark Worship, Ranculir, the High Priest and Sangarunya's father, was slain. Sazariel, his mother, fled the Haven of the Corsairs with her small son for Ny Chennacatt. She raised him to be loyal to her dead husband's Lord and Master, Sauron of Mordor.

Within the Storm King's court, as a young man of good lineage and maturing prowess at arms, Sangarunya readily attracted the Úlair's attention. The Nazgûl developed plans for his subject, involving the military objectives of the southwest. Almost before he was truly at home within the ranks of the army as a mere captain, Sangarunya was appointed to post of Warlord. His subsequent victories fully justified the unprecedented promotion.

Traveling lightly, Sangarunya wears the magic mail and the dragon-emblazoned, red surcoat characteristic of the mighty of Akhôrahil's forces. His red, leather faced shield bears the same symbol, and his silver-gold helmet is of the karma design. He is an implacable foe and a brilliant strategist.

The Sand Drake

The Sand Drake is a winged creature that lives in arid or semi-arid locales and roosts in lowland lairs that are little more than sheltered nests. They frequent the skies of Harad, but a few live on the drier parts of plains between the Ered Ormal and the mountains of the East.

The Sand Drakes of Harad roost deep in the sandy wilds of the Dune Sea, although they hunt along trade routes and near oases and other civilized areas. They are solitary creatures and fight one another almost as readily as they battle Desert Eagles. Their homes are usually a simple burrows in the loose sand. After digging in in the early evening, they return to the surface with first light. On occasion, though, a Sand Drake will establish a more permanent lair among the stones of a scattered desert ruin.

Sand Drakes resemble the Winged-drakes. However, they are much smaller and swifter and share many characteristics with the larger birds of prey. Their teeth and claws are unusually sharp and large, given their size, so they create quite a danger despite their inability to wield spells or breath fire. Sand Drakes have one weakness, however: they are hardly more intelligent than the snakes and lizards. These creatures live by their appetites and instincts alone.

Like true Were-worms, though, Sand-drakes can magically alter their shape. They can nestle atop or beside a natural feature or some dead prey and take on the characteristics of the object they touch. In this, they function like Cameleons.

Insatiably hungry, they are the most active of all terrestrial Drakes. Once on the attack, a Sand Drake will pursue its prey until either the foe or the Dragon is dead or incapable of further combat. They attack using their powerful jaws and the talons of their muscular hind legs. Their speed and agility is such that even one Sand Drake is enough to cause great damage to a poorly guarded caravan.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
27	165	Pl/20	50	Y	Y	195fa	175cp	15

Sangarunya — Umbarean (Black Númenórean) Warrior. Warlord of the Army of the Southern Dragon. Ag99, Co98, SD76, Me72, Re94, St99, Qu98, Pr96, Em21, In91. Knows 2 open Channeling lists to 20th lvl. 27 PP. Carries a sword of Manslaying.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Size/Crit	Speed
8	150	No/4	25	L/SL	FA/FA

Attack: 100HBi/70HCl/90HBa

Sand Drake— Solitary, winged shapechanger.



A SHRINE CONFLICT

Manari Akaji and Jaeru

Manari lunged forward to parry the flashing blade of his opponent, a Desert Screamer with fury in his eyes. The two swayed briefly on the portico of the shrine before the slighter man gave ground. Manari stumbled backward down the steps in response to the Gark's sudden shove. As he brought his sword up again, he pondered briefly the irony of a confrontation between a scholar and one of the most ferocious warriors of the South. Then all time for thought was at an end. Two more Scions of Gark emerged from the shadow of the shrine's portal.

The Setting — Southwestern Middle-earth

Built into a series of desert hills known as the Djebel-ta-Olûja (Har. "Hill of Storms"), the Shrine of Caranthor Ankatarë faces in a northeasterly direction. It is located east of the Suza Sumar in southwestern Far Harad. Manari Akaji has traveled to the ruin to confirm its suitability as a resting place for his father's remains. Jaeru the Desert Screamer possesses darker motives for his presence there. He seeks the legendary Seeing-stones of the Alchemist Thamachor, a master of the forge who dwelt in Númenor during the reign of Tar-Ciryatan.

Manari Akaji

A young man, Manari has spent the last three years searching for the roots of his family. When his father died a destitute farmer, he hoped that one day he could find a better resting place for his sire's remains. His search into the past has become an obsession. The most recent discovery rejuvenated the scholar's spirit and brought him back to Avashar. He continues in ignorance concerning the Seeing-stones and their history. The close of his search for a proper burial for his father is sufficient for Manari. He now plans to find the shrine and prepare it for his father's arrival. The only item missing from his agenda is a team of explorers that might help him locate the ruin.

Manari is a passionate man who often lets his emotions interfere with his judgement. During his time in Tresti, however, he made friends with a merchant trader whose guidance sometimes curbs the young man's temper. Regretably, his fiery disposition flared one week last year, and Manari made his displeasure known to the Keepers of the Tresti library. This outburst was the catalyst that brought his search to the attention of the Nazgûl Akhôrahil (the "Storm King").

Manari is a thin, but tall, Haradan man with hard features and long black hair. Although he possesses Númenórean blood, it has been mixed over a hundred generations. He wears loose-fitting trousers, a desert tunic, and has a (+10) falchion strapped to his side.

Jaeru the Desert Screamer

A thoroughly ruthless man, Jaeru has been a member of the Garks, or Desert Screamers, an order of rugged outdoorsmen who serve the interests of Vaal Gark, for nearly forty years. He is a dangerous assassin and was dispatched by the Storm King himself to follow Manari to find the Seeing-stones of Ankatarë. He has trailed the young man for nearly eight months and has developed some impatience with his assignment. However, the orders of Akhôrahil were direct and firm, and crossing the Shadow in the South is a sentence of death. Jaeru's boredom has cost him a portion of his secrecy, since Karmarac is aware that there is an "interested" third party. The mistake motivated the Gark to reassert his caution.

The assassin has two skilled underlings in his service, each intent on discovering the location of the Ankatarë Stones. Most recently, they have brought Jaeru the ancient diary that reveals the approximate location of the Caranthor's Shrine. Since then, he and his team have followed Manari and Karmarac to the small town of Avashar and await the scholar's next move. The trio resides in the Current at Avashar and have assumed the disguise of traders from the Dar (even so far as to have a shipment of goods with them).

Jaeru is a Half-elf with Avar blood mingling in his veins. Although he takes great pains to conceal it, his Elven heritage is apparent in his almond-shaped grey eyes. Otherwise, his darkly tanned skin and thick desert garb make him indistinguishable from the next Haradan man. His arsenal of weaponry and mastery of spells make him a dangerous opponent. He wears a Cloak of Changing (+50 to Stalking/Hiding), a Helm of Darksight, and Boots of Leaping (the soles are magically altered to leave no trace of the wearer's passing). In addition to the standard equipment of the Garks, Jaeru also possesses a (+10) steel falchion and a composite bow (+15 magical, fires 3x every 2 rounds) fashioned in Mûmakan to the South.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
4	35	No/1	10	N	N	60fa	30da	10

Manari Akaji — Mixed Haradan/Dunadan Bard (Delver). Descendant of Caranthor Ankatarë. RM Stats: St72, Qu87, Pr97, In72, Em72, Co61, Ag89, SD68, Me90, Re82. MERP Stats: St72, Ag89, Co61, Ig86, It72, Pr97, Ap73. Skills: History(Bozisha-Miraz) 68, Stalk/Hide 44, Perception 58, Climb 30, Lie Perception 35. +10 Steel Falchion (Nonmagical). Knows the Bard Base Lists Lore, Item Lore, and Sound Projection to 10th, as well as the Open Mentalism List Delving to 10th. 8 PP. Languages: Apysaic 5, Haradaic 5, Adûnaic 4, Westron 2.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
11	125	RL/11	70	Y20	A/L	105fa	90cb	25

Jaeru — Haradan/Avar (Peredhil) Ranger/Monk. Desert Screamer, servant of Akhôrahil. RM Stats: St86, Qu98, Pr79, In84, Em99, Co92, Ag91, SD90, Me73, Re75. MERP Stats: St86, Ag91, Co92, Ig74, It84, Pr79, Ap76. Skills: Stalk/Hide 130, Perception 85, Climb 75, Acting 62, Ambush <10>, Leadership 45, Tracking 85, 4MaStr 85, 4MaSw 75. Items: Cloak of Changing (+50 to all Stalk/ Hide Maneuvers), Helm of Darksight, Boots of Leaping (with soles of traceless passing), Steel Falchion (+10 nonmagic), Composite Bow (+15 magical, fires 3x every 2 rounds without penalty). Knows all the Ranger Base Lists to 10th (MERP), Knows the Monk Base Lists Monk's Bridge, and Evasions to 20th, Body Reins, Monk's Sense, and Body Renewal to 10th. Also knows the Open Essence Unbarring Ways to 10th. 22 PP. Languages: Apysaic 5, Haradaic 5, Adûnaic 4, Westron 4, Lothagig 3, Chey 2, Betheteur 1.



THE BRIDGES OF CHARNESRA

MAIRAN AND A SILENT ONE

The water swirled dark and deep around the footings of the old bridge. Mairan shuddered. He was not a strong swimmer, and the currents of the Sîresha reminded him uncomfortably of his mortality. Why had he come to the ruins of the city Charnesra? Sensible folk avoided the site entirely, or ventured within its crumbling walls well-armed and in numbers. They did not travel from Tûl Isra in a caravan's train only to bid that security farewell at the abandoned city's heart. Yet, Mairan had done precisely that! If only his foolhardy courage delivered the awesome sword named Gaibirausk into his hands, he would regret nothing.

Reputed by family legend to lend its wielder great prowess in battle and persuasive wisdom in debate, the weapon haunted Mairan's dreams. Perhaps the blade's powers might win his father the comfortable old age he deserved and rescue Ania, his sister, from the unwelcome attentions of Tartas Izain. As Izain's power and influence at court had grown, the fortunes of Mairan's family had declined. Now his father faced debtor's prison, or worse. Ania's fate remained better unimagined. Only the Gaibirausk might restore the family's prosperity.

Mairan dismissed his morbid thoughts to continue towards the north bank across the treacherous bridge. Huge holes gaped in its stonework. Merely picking one's way was difficult; running would be impossible. The youth breathed a prayer of gratitude that he need not hurry over the unreliable surface when the drumming of hoofbeats caught his ear. Who else lurked among these ruins? Mairan whirled to face the south bank and gasped. The large amulet on the rider's chest, its circle bearing the lidless eye, crushed his hopes for a clement foe. This was a Silent One, and his goal was neither theft nor capture. A Tayb in battle gear sought one thing: the ritual death of his opponent. Mairan drew his sword.

THE SETTING — SOUTHWESTERN MIDDLE-EARTH

The bridges of the ruined city Charnesra cross the Sîresha River at its confluence with the Sîrsis in the lands of Greater Harad, southern-most Harad. Mairan Naubirk of Yádi Zamet has come to Charnesra from Tûl Isra to obtain the Gaibirausk, a sword of reputedly magnificent powers. His foe, a Silent One of the Tayb, lay waiting in the ruins for the traveler he would kill to placate his god, Taimaraud (Ta. "Silent One").

MAIRAN NAUBIRK

Mairan Naubirk grew to manhood in Tûl Isra, capital of Isra, during Tartas Izain's rise to power. When the Taraskon supplanted Mûsavir, Mairan's father and the counselor closest to the Tarb's ear, the fortunes of the family Zamet steadily fell. Mairan's mother died of a sudden fever, and much of the family's lands were given by the Tarb (Ta. "Might-lord" or "King") to Tartas Izain.

The young man avoided bitterness by cultivating a determination to retrieve the family's wealth and position. Persistent research revealed to him that the artifact once wielded by an ancester, the Gaibirausk, lay amongst the hoard accumulated by Shuftas Gabar. Mairan had obtained floorplans of the citadel once occupied by the evil Enchanter.

Mairan's appearance is typical of a Sîranean city dweller. His skin is deeply tanned, and his facial features are aquiline. His dark hair curls tightly, and his eyes are slightly almond-shaped. Mairan often wears a white linen frangaubi embroidered with his family's crest: three black circles surounded by an orange trefoil.

THE SILENT ONE

"Death brings silence and a true oneness with God," wrote Maib Damak, High Priest of the Silent One. Vûlmek, a Follower of Taimaraud, takes these words more seriously than do many of his cohorts. Each priest must kill at least once a year to retain his diety's favor, but Vûlmek has taken a vow to slay one victim every week of the year. Nor does he pass up more frequent opportunities to bring death to the living.

Like all the Tayb, Vûlmek owns long, dark robes with a voluminous hood that hides his face. He wears battle dress more frequently, however, due to his vow to kill weekly. This consists of a tunic made of small pieces of black, lacquered wood, steel greaves on legs and forearms, and a visored helmet shaped to resemble a serpent's head. Vûlmek rides a war camel named Staibir.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
5	45	No/1	0	N	N	40bs	—	0
Mairan Naubirk — Haradan Scout/Thief.								
23	120	Ch/13	40	N	Y	90sc	75cb	10
Vûlmek — Black Númenórean Warrior. Silent One.								

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Size/Crit	Speed
6	140	No/3	30	L	MF/MF
Attack: 80MBi/60MBa/—					
Staibir — Trained war camel.					



RIDERS ON SAURON'S ROAD

ADÛNAPHEL, THE WITCH-KING, AND KHAMÛL THE EASTERLING

Mariya watched the tendrils of steam drift upwards from a vent in the volcanic slag. Tortured whorls of lava, hardened into unnatural eddies and crested peaks, surrounded the young woman where she crouched to warm herself. Despite the lack of snow, winter on the plain of Gorgoroth was no less bitter than within the northern vales of the Anduin. Mariya edged closer to the heat rising from the steam vent's maw. The image of a thatched cottage tucked into the sunny slopes of a peach orchard formed in her memory. Would she ever see home again? Her fingers ached with cold.

The smoking summit of Mount Doom, clearly visible in the distance, blotted out Mariya's vision of familiar comforts. Why, she wondered once more, had her brother Dúvir succumbed to the Easterling warrior's promises of wealth and position? Surely he must have sensed the deceit behind the stranger's words. Mariya's parents wept, but the young woman made ready for a journey. She would dare perils far greater than a sojourn through the deserted Black Land to rescue her younger sibling from his fate.

Drumming hooves recalled Mariya's mind to the present. Like a shadow, she slid from the steam vent's edge to a thicket of brambles. Concealed in the thorny shrubs, she observed three riders galloping along the engineering feat that was Sauron's Road in days of old. The horsemen wore armor darker than the night that lurks beneath mountains' roots. The middle rider bore a helm out of legend: Thôlogaer Ciryatano, the Sea-helm of Ciryatan, worn by the Lord of Morgul at the height of his power in Angmar. Horror froze Mariya's limbs. This was no despoiler sporting a trophy: the greatest of the Nazgûl himself guided his steed across the Devastation of Orodruin!

THE SETTING — MORDOR

East of the Ephel Dúath (S. "Fence of Shadow") and south of the Mountains of Ash (S. "Ered Lithui") lies the dark plateau of Gorgoroth, the heart of Mordor and the bastion of evil throughout the Second and Third Ages. Mount Doom, the volcano that served as the forge for the One True Ring, smolders at Gorgoroth's center. Its chambers are linked to Barad-dûr, the throne of the Lidless Eye, by Sauron's Road, a highway flanked by smoking chasms.

The Dark Lord was not the only traveller to use the highway. His minions tread its stones while laboring at the tasks set by their Master.

ADÛNAPHEL

The Lady Adûnaphel was born in S.A. 1823 in the land of Forostar in Númenor. She was the daughter of a Dúnadan noble, and her family owned and controlled vast tracts of land. The death of her aged father when she was very young made Adûnaphel loathe her mortality. Envious and full of hatred for the Eldar, she left the great isle to seek her own crown in Endor. Adûnaphel succeeded in founding a kingdom whose bounds included much of Near Harad. However, the promise of immortality that accompanied a Ring of Power brought the Lady under Sauron's sway.

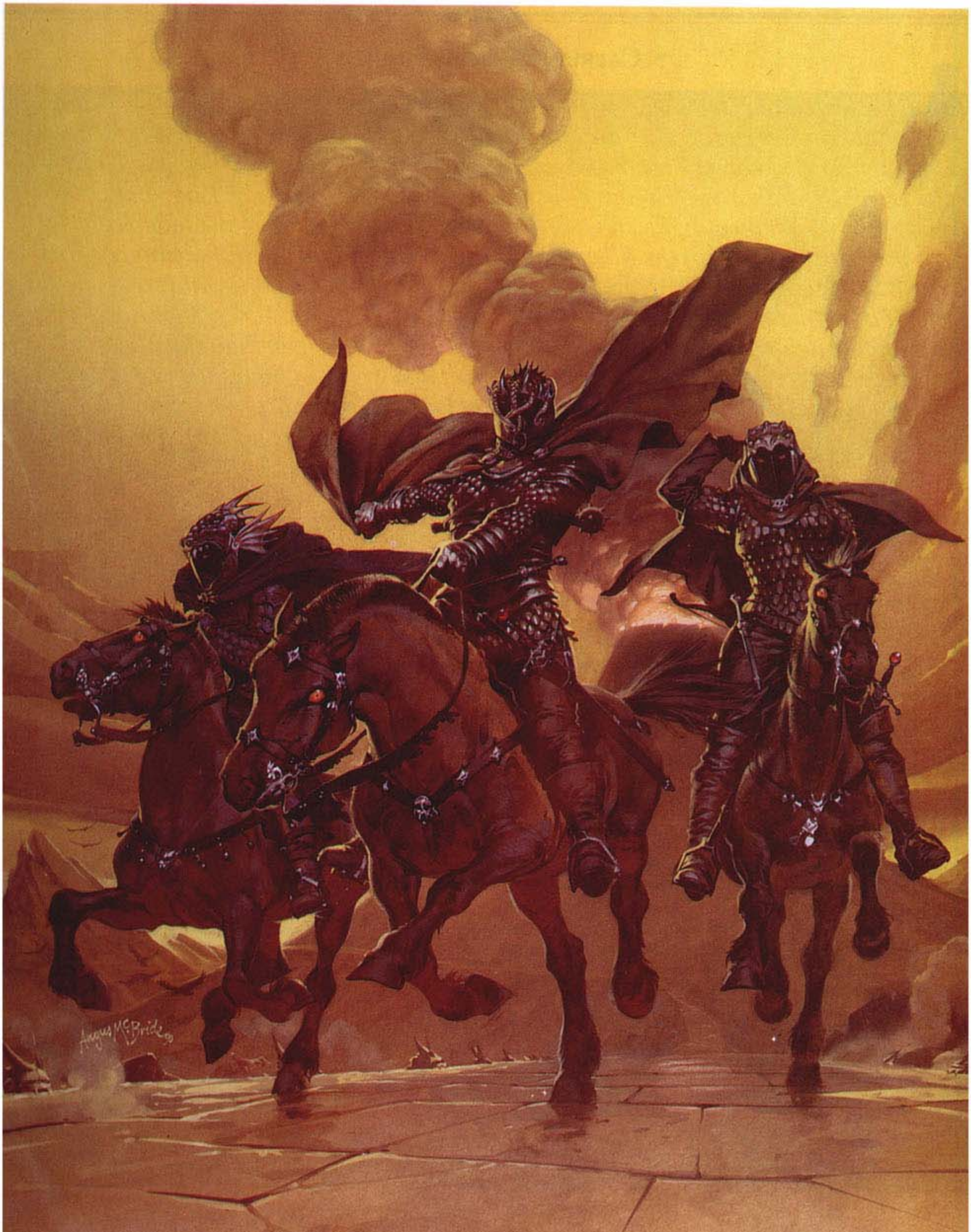
THE WITCH-KING

Er-Mûrazôr (A. "The Black Prince") was the second son of King Tar-Ciryatan. Although the Prince grew to be one of the most influential individuals in the Númenórean court, he coveted a realm of his own. His greed provided Sauron with an avenue to Mûrazôr's trust. Travelling to Barad-dûr, the Prince became the student of the Dark Lord and eventually accepted the first of the Nine Rings of Power. Of all the Nine, Mûrazôr became the mightiest. Under the Lord of the Rings, he was given all the trappings of a King. No minion enjoyed more of the Dark Lord's favor.

KHAMÛL

Second most powerful of the Nine, Khamûl the Easterling was born Komûl I in S.A. 1744 at Laeg Góak in eastern Endor. He was the eldest son of Hionvor Mûl Tanûl of the Womaw. Raised by the Lord's Elven consort, Dardarian, Komûl acquired a longing for immortality. Seduced by this weakness, Komûl accepted a Ring of Power. His name became Khamûl, since this was how it was pronounced in the Black Tongue. For nearly a thousand years he held the stewardship of Barad-dûr, bearing the title Master of the Hold.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
50	240	Pl/20	90	N	N	210bs	180gé	10
Khamûl — Womaw (Avaradan) Ranger.								
60	360	Pl/20	120	N	N	180bs	90cp	30
The Witch-king — Black Númenorean Mage/Sorcerer.								
32	160	Pl/19	75	N	N	160bs	125cp	15
Adûnaphel — Black Númenórean Bard. Seventh of the Nine.								



ORCS IN THE UDÛN

CAERLINC VERSUS RHUKSKÂ

"But of those unhappy ones who were ensnared by Melkor little is known of a certainty. For who of the living has descended into the pits of Utumno, or has explored the counsels of Melkor? Yet this is held true by the wise of Eressëa, that all those of the Quendi who came into the hands of Melkor, ere Utumno was broken, were put there in prison, and by slow arts of cruelty were corrupted and enslaved; and thus did Melkor breed the hideous race of the Orcs in envy and mockery of the Elves, of whom they were afterwards the bitterest foes. For the Orcs had life and multiplied after the manner of the Children of Ilúvatar; and naught that had life of its own, nor the semblance of life, could ever Melkor make since his rebellion in the Ainulindalë before the Beginning: so say the wise. And deep in their dark hearts the Orcs loathed the Master whom they served in fear, the maker only of their misery. This it may be was the vilest deed of Melkor, and the most hateful to Ilúvatar."

— The Silmarillion, p. 50

THE SETTING — UDÛN IN MORDOR

The crater of Udûn is a deep, circular valley enclosed by the meeting of the Ephel Dúath (Mountains of Shadow) and the Ered Lithui (Ash Mountains) ranges. The only routes exiting the vale are secured by the great fortresses of the Morannon, Durthang, and the Iron Jaws of Carach Angren.

The Orcs of the Green Claw, under the orders of Gaurhîr, an ancient and dread minion of the Dark Lord, have occupied the citadel of Durthang following its abandonment by the Gondorians. Gauhîr schemes to seize control of Minas Ithil with his Orcish Bukra (Or. "Claws"). Caerlinc, a bandit-captain dwelling in Forithilien, encountered the Green Claws while scouting the mountains.

CAERLINC

Caerlinc is a middle-aged man with a square face, prominent nose, black hair, and thick eyebrows. A lesser Dúnadan, he holds a grudge against the society that pushed him into the role of peasant farmer, despite his four years of proven ability in the Royal Army. Caerlinc often supplemented his family's meals with game hunted in Taur Ithilien. Then the Great Plague swept the region, and Caerlinc's wife and children died of the disease.

Faced with a future alone, something in Caerlinc's spirit rebelled, cried out against the injustice of his life. He cast aside all the trappings civilization to become a bandit, first joining a large band of rascals operating along the banks of the Anduin, then breaking away to create his own company. Caerlinc's approach to banditry is more principled than that of many, and he will not kill anyone who surrenders. He preys on the North Road that passes between Minas Ithil and the Morannon and then eastward on to Dor Rhûnen. It has proven lucrative, but the Orcs of the Green Claw have recently disrupted trade along the route entirely.

RHUKSKÂ

Rhukskâ is a Shirûk, a commander of the basic fighting unit used by the Orcs of the Green Claw. Known as a Bukra (Or. "Claw"), the unit is comprised of five warriors: two fighters, two scouts, and a Skirûk who gives and enforces orders. Skirûks are trained in leaping, diving, and tumbling skills and perform these maneuvers in combat to gain the advantage over their foes. Rhukskâ is perticularly adept and uses his ór-bukar as a pole to vault farther than he might unaided. An ór-bukar is a bronze weapon with sharpened steel spikes that may be wielded like a mace. However, Rhukskâ employs the tool solely for maneuvers and relies on his falchion for melee.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
4	87	RL/9	35	Y10	N	67bs	42cb	-5
Caerlinc — Lesser Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter.								
4	70	Ch/13	20	Y	N	52fa	37cb	0
Rhukskâ — Orc Warrior/Fighter.								


Angus McBride '87

STRAYHOLD

Marhic and Low Nose the Asdriag

The cave-cut spires of the Shattered Step that surrounds Strayhold glimmered beneath a newborn rainbow. Music and voices echoed through the canyon's breaks, only to be drowned by the sounds of splattering hoofbeats. Three riders thundered through the fells, scattering the creatures that resurfaced after the rain.

Marhic clenched his teeth and felt the blood from his broken tongue slide down his taught throat. He knew he couldn't rely on the speed of a stolen horse, particularly in the muddy breaks, so he clenched his bow and reached for the magic arrow. As the two pursuers closed, he cursed the sky for denying him the cover of the storm. "Why, pray tell, should Araw reward these rogues with anything but a burning barb?"

Marhic looked back, catching a glimpse of the two rogues amidst the wild flapping of his scarlet cape. He recognized the hooded one as Low Nose the Asdriag. Anger replaced Marhic's fear, and the Northman freed his arrow from its quiver. Then he calmly muttered to his mount: "Give me fifty yards, beast, just fifty yards..."

The Setting — Mirkwood

Strayhold, also named Buhr Waldlaes (Rh. "Lawless Hold"), is located a few miles east of the southern flank of Mirkwood. The town's shanties, taverns, brothels, and clan-halls are tucked within the gullies and ravines formed by a rushing stream which drops abruptly to the level of the plains of southern Rhovanion. Marhic the Northman travelled to Strayhold to retrieve the mithril ring set with a braided lock of his great great grandfather's beard and reputed to bring the long dead warrior's descendants good fortune in battle. The ring was stolen by a thief of the Rogue's Clan. Two members of this establishment pursue the unsuccessful Marhic for his tresspass into the clan-hall.

Marhic

Marhic was born and raised in a small Woodman settlement located in the narrow strip of trees west of Buhr Ailgra. Although his family harvested the fruits of the forest for a living, supplemented by by carpentry done by Marhic's father, they held their heads a little higher than the other folk of the village. Euric, their Éothraim ancestor whose ring is passed from first son to first son, fought valiantly under Vidugavia and gained much honor.

Marhic customarily dons a plain, beige tunic to conceal the leather jerkin covering his torso. Stout boots protect his legs, and a scarlet cape repells rain. The Northman wields a finely crafted broadsword, but his composite bow is the finer weapon. Constructed of thin strips of horn laminated to a beechwood core together with fibers of ox tendon for resiliency, the bow gives an archer's arrows superb penetrating power. One arrow in Marhic's quiver is an enchanted bolt that will always find its mark when its rightful owner is in peril of death.

Low Nose the Asdriag

Once named Yurmuz, Low Nose earned his coarse sobriquet while operating as one of the thieves of the Clan of Rogues. Although exiled from his tribe at the birth of a son to the chieftain, Yurmuz's older brother, the Asdriag still wears the traditional fur cap of his people. He has exchanged the unwieldy usriev for a broadsword, however, and is quite proficient with the blade.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
5	50	SL/5	20	N	N	80bs	55cp	10
Marhic — Northman Scout/Thief.								
3	38	SL/6	20	N	N	80bs	55da	10
Low Nose — Asdriag (Easterling) Warrior/Fighter.								



ILMARYEN'S BLOGRUM-HAI

Four Korlagz-drartul

Howling and yammering of revenge, torture, and loot, the horde of Blogrum-hai charged down the hill from their stronghold. A standard bearer carried the tribe's banner — a square of black silk displaying a tusked skull bleeding from the mouth — but his battle companion ran empty-handed. The Asht-fauldush, the great bone totem won from a vanquished Cold-drake, was missing. The Uruk-Torg, a rival tribe occupying south central Mirkwood, had stolen the massive skull from the hall of Ilmaryen Keep where the Master of the Jaws presided over his garrison. The Blogrum-hai were looking for blood, and the return of the "Ivory-bone" would only partially assuage their wrath.

The Setting — Mirkwood

Ilmaryen Keep was built on a bluff above a lake in the Emyn-nu-Fiun (S. "Mountains under Night") of Mirkwood. Abandoned at the end of the Second Age, the fortress was reoccupied a thousand years later by a tribe of Orcs at the Necromancer's orders.

A wagon track passes from the front of the fortress (the north side) westward down the hill, then turns south one and a half miles from the donjon. The path continues south for three miles where it joins the main route through the Emyn-nu-Fuin and ultimately reaches the Men-i-Naugrim.

The Korlagz-drartulu

The Orcs garrisoning Ilmaryen Keep belong to a relatively small tribe, the Blogrum-hai (Or. "People of the Bloody Skull"). Their emblem is a tusked skull bleeding from the mouth. The tribe is spread throughout the southeastern Emyn-nu-Fuin and the forest south of the Men-i-Naugrim. The Blogrum-hai are nomadic, travelling from camp to camp in groups ranging from five to twenty-five members. Their only two permanent settlements are Ilmaryen Keep and their main stronghold, Fhahoz-Blogrum (Or. "Great Hole of the Bloody Skull").

The basic fighting unit of the Blogrum-hai is the Korlagz (Or. "Jaw"). A Korlagz consists of five warriors: four Kragashi (Or. "Teeth") led by a Korlagz-drartul. Four of the Korlagz-drartulu at Ilmaryen Keep are not Uruk-hai, but lesser Orcs. Bokdankh, the newest of the lot, carries a massive pike in battle and possesses a stouter frame than his compatriots. Sokralg, the oldest, is disgusting even by Orcish standards. The crusted blood of countless foes entirely conceals the metal of his chain hauberk. Fektalg is neat for an Orc, washing his clothes at least once every two weeks. Hagrakh has a penchant for knife-throwing: he practices with his Kragnifrim continually, using any target convenient.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
3	75	Ch/14	35	Y	A/L	54sp	34kn	0
Bokdankh — Lesser Orc Warrior/Fighter. +5 kragashard.								
3	75	Ch/14	35	Y	A/L	54ks	34kn	0
Sokralg — Lesser Orc Warrior/Fighter.								
3	75	Ch/14	35	Y	A/L	54ja	44kn	0
Hagrakh — Lesser Orc Warrior/Fighter. +5 kragnif.								
3	75	Ch/14	35	Y	A/L	54ks	34cp	0
Fektalgh — Lesser Orc Warrior/Fighter. +5 composite bow.								



THE DESOLATION OF THE DRAGON

SMAUG THE GOLDEN

"Scourge of the Lonely Mountain, Smaug the Golden was one of the greatest Dragons to survive the cataclysm that destroyed Morgoth's kingdom at the end of the First Age. He was, like Scatha, an ancient Drake who dominated his rivals.

"Smaug settled at Anvilmount in the Grey Mountains sometime before T.A. 1600. There he found a vast delving which had once been (ca. First Age) an Adan holy place. In keeping with his nature, Smaug defiled the tombs and took the modest treasure for his hoard. He was upset with the lack of wealth and decimated much of the surrounding countryside in a fit of rage.

"When the tale of the wealth of the Dwarves of Erebor (S. "Lonely Mountain") came to his sharp ears in T.A. 2770, Smaug decided that this great treasure should be his. He flew southward across the Withered Heath and over the grasslands of northern Rhovanion. When he came to Erebor, he surprised his prey, and those that were caught within the Mountain were slaughtered. The rest of the Dwarves, who were led by King Thrór, fled eastward to the Iron Hills. Circling the isolated mountain, the pitiless Drake then swept down on Dale and burned the town that stood near the base of the peak. Only a few of the Northman residents survived. They escaped southward to Esgaroth on the Long Lake (Lake-town).

"Smaug ruled under the Mountain for two centuries, occasionally stirring to destroy part of the surrounding countryside. He extended his wasteland domain as far as the Long Lake and the Long Marshes. The Dragon gathered his treasure — which included the entire wealth of Thrór's people — into an awesome pile, upon which he rested.

"In T.A. 2941, Thorin Oakenshield brought his company of Dwarves (and a Hobbit) out of the West to challenge the great Drake. Thorin's compatriot, Bilbo Baggins, disturbed the Dragon. In the process, the vain beast revealed his birth-spot, the one flaw in his armor. This proved to be his undoing. When he subsequently arose to kill Thorin's Dwarves and destroy the town of Esgaroth that had harbored and helped them, one of the townsmen was ready to exploit Smaug's secret. As he flew vengefully over the Long Lake and began burning the settlement, Bard the Bowman (the rightful heir to the throne of the then-ruined town of Dale) shot and killed the Dragon. Thus, Bard avenged the destruction of Dale and ended the reign of the mightiest Dragon in the North."

— Creatures of Middle-earth, p. 51

THE SETTING — THE GREY MOUNTAINS

The Grey Mountains limit the northern expanse of Rhovanion, separating the coniferous portions of Mirkwood and the vales of the upper Anduin from the vast stretches of the Forodwaith tundra. The southern face of the chain is virtually sheer, forming a formidable natural wall to the traveler. The northern slopes, however, rise gradually from the rolling plains and broken hills of the Waste. Glaciers spawn tumults of cold water that run north down narrow, U-shaped valleys to the Encircling Sea. Stands of silvery firs line the more sheltered nooks below the treeline, and deep glacial lakes reflect snow-capped peaks. Small communities of Northmen thrived in the region before the Dragons came.

SMAUG

Smaug is greatest and most cunning of the Grey Mountain Dragons. He is slow to anger but exceptionally pitiless, spiteful, wrathful, and proud. Although red, his scales have a golden undertone which reflects light like metal. In the sunlight or bright moonlight, Smaug appears to be gold in color; thus his name. He is ninety feet long and has a wingspan of one hundred and fifty feet, which is unusually large for a Fire-drake of the Third Age. Smaug originally resided in the Barl Syrnac, but he moved to Anvilmount, northwest of the Withered Heath, when he discovered that Dwarves had uncovered mineral wealth in region.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Size/Crit	Speed
66	636	Pl/20	75	H/SL	VF/VF
Attack: 125HBi/130HCl/150HBa/95HHo/120FBr					



SHADOW OF THE PAST

The Wraith Gaurithoth

Ehlissa ducked suddenly behind the standing stone overlooking the burial mounds. Was that a cloak fluttering in the cool night breeze? She pulled her own garment closer, knotting its hem to prevent a gust of wind from carrying the cape's folds outside her hiding place. Kneeling on the damp soil in the stone's shadow, she peered around the monolith's bulk. Starlight, glimmering faintly on the distant snow-capped peaks of the Ered Luin, illuminated the scene before her.

A ring of hills cupped the grassy vale where the Celeglin Barrow marked the tombs of long dead Dúnadan warriors. The crouching woman let out a careful breath. The stone portal of the nearest mound gaped open, and from its dank maw a shadow drifted across the threshold. As the stars' pale rays probed his looming silhouette, the shadow became a man cloaked in blood-red. The wind caught his garb, spreading the heavy fabric to show merely shivering air within the billowing cape. This was no man! Ehlissa shuddered as the wraith turned in her direction.

The Setting — The Blue Mountains

West of the lands of Arthedain lies an expanse of territory known as Numeriador (S. "The Empty Western Land"). This rugged terrain is wrinkled by a series of rolling foothills that rise up from the river Lhûn to become the mighty Ered Luin, the Blue Mountains. The peaks serve as a barrier between the lands of the Lhûn river valley and the Elven Kingdom of Lindon to the west. The Celeglin Barrows, an assortment of several elaborate Dúnadan mounds and countless smaller cairns, stand more than 100 miles north of the Grey Havens in the eastern foothills of the Blue Mountains.

Gaurithoth

Once a Númenórean lieutenant named Arimûr in the Second Age, Gaurithoth is now a spirit driven by rage and hate to fulfill the goals of an evil, cunning mind. He is dedicated to the Witch-king and his master, and bound to their service by his own choice. He seeks at all times to inflict pain and suffering upon the living, while robbing them of life, freedom, and willpower.

To most mortals, the Wraith appears as a dark mist with two points of burning fire for eyes. Only the blood red cloak that dates back to his days as Arimûr and his enruned sword are present in the tangible world. In the world of shadows, he inspires greater terror. Pale flesh clings to transparent bones, and grossly extended teeth stretch his mouth in a terrible grimace.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
18	185	No/1	70	N	N	145bs	90LBa	20

Gaurithoth — Undead Black Númenórean Animist/Evil Cleric (Necromancer). +25 broadsword, continuous black mist halves foe's parrying attempts and delivers extra Cold crit of 2 levels less severity, casts *Shadows* 5x/day; robe, +30 stalking/hiding; cloak, +20 DB.



SEIGE OF A BEACON TOWER

The Blood-wights Skrykalian and Naranatur

Odaric crouched behind the moss-grown trunk of a fallen oak. The first stars of dusk glimmered in the light-filled sky above. Shadows deepened around the unmoving Northman. With a quick, indrawn breath, he shifted his weight to obtain a better view of the conflict raging in the fields before him.

Wounded Vulseggi and Dúnedain lay sprawled among the corpses of Orcs, Dunmen, and proud Cultirith. Punctuating the hiss of arrows, siege engines hurled stones at the Beacon Tower. Silhouettes flickered on its battlements, providing targets for the troops gathered beneath the eaves of the surrounding wood. Just under the lowlying clouds, ominous winged shadows hovered above the scene.

A sudden eruption of shouts drew Odaric's attention to his left. A battalion of Orcs, bearing the weight of a steel-shrouded battering ram, staggered from the forest's edge towards the Tirthon. Could the defenders withstand this renewed assault?

Odaric stiffened. Surely he heard a noise beneath the tumult of the battle. A softer sound. A hesitant, intermittent rustling like that of stealthy footsteps...behind him! The Northman whirled and raised his sword as two savage Dunmen lunged forward with spiked clubs.

The Setting — Rhudaur

The Beacon Tower called Tirthon (S. "The Watch Pine") is located just north of the Great East Road that passes through the Trollshaws of Rhudaur. Ethacali's forces — Orcs, Trolls, and two Blood-wights — storm the fortress as part of an Angmarean scheme to destroy the last Dúnedain remaining in Rhudaur.

Skrykalian

Skrykalian was once a shapechanger dedicated to the service of Blogath, a Priestess of the Black Religion in the Second Age. As messenger and spy, she returned from one foray to the North to find her mistress's halls under assault. Skrykalian was killed while transforming from swan into woman, thus becoming a Blood-wight, Undead. Skrykalian appears as an unusually tall Lady of the Aravador, with pale face, curling, black hair, and great swan's wings. Her robes are darkest grey, girdled by a belt of crimson leather.

Naranatur

Naranatur was also one of Blogath's minions. He perished, in the same attack that claimed Skrykalian, while abandoning the form of a raven for that of a man. Naranatur is a bit shorter than his compatriot, but possesses the same pale visage framed by dark, curling hair. His wings are those of a raven. The Blood-wight wears dark grey tunic and hose, although his belt and boots are black. Naranatur wields a greatsword of black steel with engraved runes on the blade.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
10	90	RL/11	40	N	N	55da	45da	30
Skrykalian — Blood-wight. 4 base Bard lists to lvl 10, 30 PP. Drains 10 Co/rnd with touch. Sunlight delivers 4-40 hits/rnd to Skrykalian. At dawn and at dusk, her swan's wings become those of a bat.								
15	120	Ch/16	50	N	N	130gs	130sh	30
Naranatur — Blood-wight. 3 Channeling spell lists to lvl 5, 30 PP. Drains 10Co/rnd with touch. Sunlight delivers 4-40 hits/rnd to Naranatar. At dawn and at dusk, his raven's wings become those of a bat.								



THE EAVES OF THE CHOIL BORBA

Mirborn, Aramath, Ari-Ghân, and Ari-Lam

"Because of its wild nature and relative isolation, the Eryn Vorn provides a refuge for the most ancient of the races inhabiting Minhiriath: the Drughu or "Woses." Only a band remains, for the onslaught of other Men have driven them into the rugged Bein Com. Now, the ever-growing domains of their neighbors threaten the Woses of the Black Wood with extinction.

"The Drughu are a secretive forest people whose short, stout, tatooed bodies and peculiar features long ago set them apart from the other Secondborn. Magical and yet outwardly primitive, they disturb most Men who encounter them. Thus, they have been persecuted, and even hunted, by other races.

"Living in half-submerged, earth-covered homes called fogus, the Woses of the Eryn Vorn shun contact with other Men. They view even their closest kin, the Beffraen, as dangerous enemies. The Drughu elude or slay those who seek to disturb their repose or the hallowed caves that house the spirits of many of their ancestors. A few lucky adventurers, however, have survived encounters with these exceptional woodsmen. Local loremasters tell of travellers who narrowly escaped flights of poisoned darts or bizarre, nocturnal rendezvous with moving Watch-stones — the infamous, enchanted "Pûkel-men." Few tales illicit more fear, and so grows the eerie legend of the Darkwood Woses."

— Woses of the Black Wood, p. 5

The Setting — Endor's Western Shore

The Baranduin River empties into the sea north of a penninsula named Rast Vorn. The Choil Borba (D. "Black Wood"), a remnant of the ancient woods that once covered all Eriador, shrouds the lonely promontory in mystery with its gnarled, impassible thickets. Two Cardolani warriors, Mirborn and Aramath, have ventured into the forest, lured by rumors of forgotten treasure. Their presence has provoked the Wose inhabitants to repel the intruders.

Mirborn

Mirborn is a Cardolani wanderer who lost his family estates in the conflict between the three successor kingdoms of Arnor. Accompanied by one retainer, he roams the lands of Eriador in search of a place to settle. Mirborn has been on the road for so long that the desire for new horizons always overcomes any plans he forms to reside in the villages through which he passes.The warrior wears scale armor and a helm decorated by eagle's feathers. He carries a shield bearing the seven stars on a white field above a red hill that was his family's crest. The seven stars represent Arnor, the red hill signifies Cardolan.

Aramath

Aramath served as Mirborn's squire throughout the war that raged before the disaster of Cameth Brin. After the death of the King and the rampage of an Orcish army that destroyed Mirborn's lands, Aramath insisted upon following his lord. The invitation from a sister and her husband to make his home with them could not compete with the squire's loyalty to his master. A bright tabard of rust and gold squares conceals the leather breastplate Aramath favors. Greaves protect his arms and legs, while a stout metal helmet covers his head.

Ari-Ghân

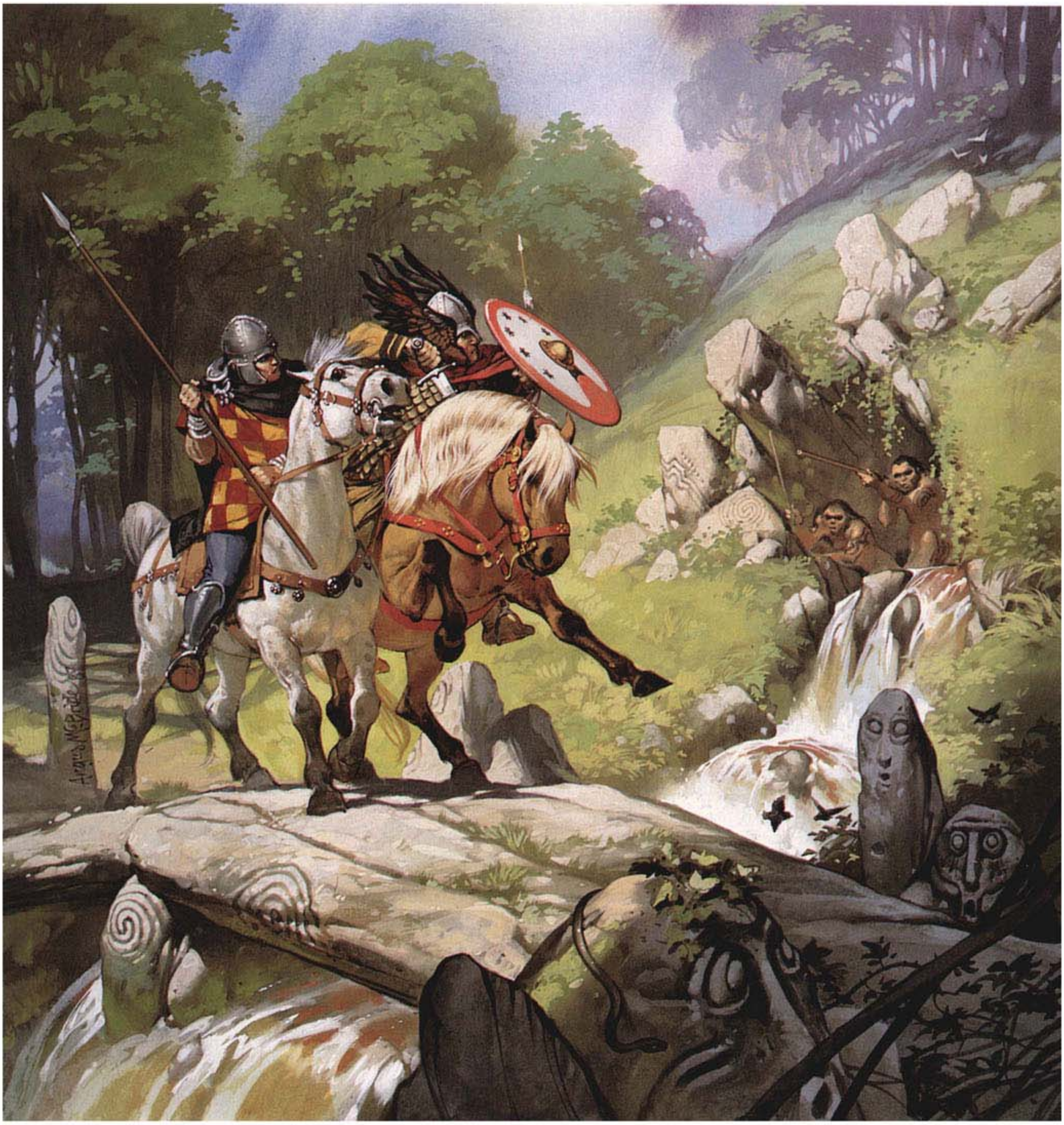
Ari-Ghân is one of a small band of Woses who are exploring the Lost Grottos of the Choil Borba with the intention of making the caverns their tribe's home. Ari-Ghân is an elderly Ranger and dislikes his current task. The Drûg possessed an honorable and largely idle position in the tribe's forest sanctuary.

Despite age, Ari-Ghân's hair has only a few streaks of grey , and he wields a heavy club with vigor. He wears a short leather coat in combat.

Ari-Lam

Ari-Lam is as reluctant as Ari-Ghân to delve into the secrets of the Bein Com , the area where the Lost Grottos are located. He and one of his cohorts have persuaded Pôn-ora-Pôn, the Priestess directing the exploratory band, that much time devoted to careful planning is necessary to assure success in the coming confrontation with the Undead who haunt the lowest levels of the caverns. Ari-Lam is the fiercest fighter of the group, and wields a "pipebow" (a 3' long blowgun, which should be treated as a light crossbow).

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
6	78	Ch/14	15	Y	A/L	79bs	49sb	0
Mirborn — Old Dúnadan Ranger.								
5	93	RL/10	10	N	A/L	90sp	50sp	5
Aramath — Tough Dúnadan Warrior.								
2	32	SL/7	25	Y	A	59cl	24da	10
Ari-Ghân — Old Wose Ranger. 2 PP. One Open Channeling list.								
3	39	SL/8	15	N	A/L	46sp	56pb*	10
Ari-Lam — Old Wose Ranger. Uses a 'pipebow.'								



DEATH AMONG THE STANDING-STONES

Ostoher Stands Against Rogrog

Smoke swirled across the fiery spring sky as the King's Men made their last stand. Cries of dying Orcs resounded like some hideous chorus, magnifying the terror that gripped the Barrow-downs. Cardolan's end was at hand.

His back to a Standing-stone, Ostoher surveyed the battlefield, all the while praying to Varda for salvation. His loyal warriors seemed hopelessly outnumbered, despite the fact that they had slaughtered a hundred score of the Witch-king's minions. Daylight was too far away. Rogrog had struck at midnight, allowing the Cardolani no time to dress, much less prepare an adequate line of defense. King Ostoher fought without pants, or a shirt, or even padding beneath his enchanted breastplate. He cursed himself for his lack of foresight, for he had never expected the Nazgûl's Warlord to force march in the early evening. As he turned toward a noise, he uttered: "Why must these noble souls pay for my confusion?"

Ostoher brought his great-sword down, sweeping through the first pair of attacking Orcs. He moved left and felled another with a mighty blow that cleaved the beast's iron helmet.

Then, through the black smoke, he spotted the huge shadow of his enemy. The King turned again, pressing against the cold Stone that guarded his ancestors. As the Troll closed, he uttered his last oath: "My blood may color this grassy hill tonight, but the Spirits of the Edain shall sleep undisturbed."

The Setting — The Barrow-downs

The Barrow-downs (S. "Tyrn Gorthad") are among the oldest surviving Mannish structures in western Endor. The Edain who dwelt in the region during the First Age buried their kings and queens in mounds surrounded by large rings of stones. These tombs stand to the southeast of Bree and the intersection between the Old North Road (later called the Greenway) and the Great East Road.

In T.A. 1409, the Olog Warlord Rogrog led his Orcish forces through Rhudaur and down the Gwathló valley to strike Cardolan from the East. The assault crushed the Dúnedain, and the Half-troll's armies swept northwestward along the Old North Road. Rogrog sacked the Cardolani capital, forcing King Ostoher to flee. Ostoher travelled north into the Barrow-downs, hoping to reach Arthedain. Unfortunately, Rogrog's Orcs cut him off before the King could take refuge in the Old Forest.

Ostoher

Rogrog's midnight attack took Ostoher by surprise. The King found only time enough to don the breastplate worn by his predecessors and to grab the great sword he wields in battle. Fortunately, he had slept in his boots and the leather girding that protects his upper legs.

Rogrog

Rogrog commanded the Uruk-Engmair, the confederation of Orc-tribes under the sway of the Witch-king of Angmar. He marshalled the principal forces arrayed against the Arnorian successor states (Arthedain, Cardolan, and Rhudaur) during the struggle between the Northern Dúnedain and the Lord of the Nazgûl from T.A. 1300 through T.A. 1975.

In the action against Cardolan, Rogrog carried a massive iron shield and brandished the Blood Spike, a Man-slaying club that would end King Ostoher's life.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
15	154	Pl/17	15	N	L	122th	86lb	15
Ostoher — Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter. King of Cardolan.								
20	220	RL/11	40	Y	A/L	200ma	140ro	10
Rogrog — Olog Warrior/Fighter. Warlord of the Uruk-Engmair.								



TROIB NA BHAINNAN

The Shaman's Ghost Warriors

Leanan leaned against the smooth bark of a beech tree and sighed. The woods by moonlight possessed an eerie peace that satisfied her eyes like no other scene could. The trees thinned where she stood, revealing a cliff curved to form a monumental crescent at the base of the mountains. Rough, stone steps, flanked by four pairs of square columns, ascended to two openings with triangular corbeled arches. The spot was one of Leanan's favorite haunts. She stretched sinuously in the night breeze, then bent to remove a pebble from her left boot.

Movement stirred in the shadows of the corbeled openings while the young woman focused on her foot gear. A pallid Dunman, clad in the plaids of his kin and bearing a spear, emerged with more ghostly warriors at his back. A peculiar phosphorescence lurked in their eyes, and their limbs were strangely heavy. These were not Men, but Undead marching to the orders of a shaman of Darkness. A sliver of whorled granite in her hands, Leanan raised her gaze from her feet and gasped.

The Setting — Dunland

The rugged hills of Dunfearan, or Dunland, lie on the western flanks of the southern Misty Mountains. They are home to the fierce Dunlendings, highland tribes frequently influenced by the minions of Sauron. Eribhen the Young, a shaman of the black arts, held sway over the Dunmen for a brief span of years before her defeat. Among her successors, Tughaib na Bhainnan garnered the most heinous army to threaten the Free Peoples of the region.

The Ghost Warriors

Tugaib na Bhainnan, spirit-sister to Eribhen, roamed the highlands in solitude while improving her mastery over the sorcerous arts. When her capabilities were nearly mature, she stumbled upon the underground tombs of a Dunnish tribe, Clan Faghoin, that had fled many years ago into the Under-deeps of the mountains to escape the Plague that then scourged the land.

Wielding the enchanted staff, Ghostbane, Tughaib reawakened the souls of the dead to create an army of Wraiths. Seeking a means to enlarge her dread forces, she conducted sundry experiments. Persistence allowed her to discover a means to convert the newly dead into animated corpses who followed her orders. Esconced in the Ghost-caves (D. "Troib na Bhaiinan"), she began abducting lone travellers and unwary Dunmen from their homes to become Undead under her command. Wandering Ghouls from the Under-deeps further swelled the ranks of her Ghost Warriors.

The spirits of the Warriors who were once members of Clan Faghoin are most accurately described as Barrow-wights. Were it not for the powers of the staff Ghostbane, the Undead would haunt only their own tombs, deep in the bowels of the mountains. Tughaib has severed the ties that bind them to their crypts, sending the Wights out into the valleys of Dunfearan. Sated with the life energy of many victims, their shadowy forms have become more distinct. The checks and plaids of the garments they once wore are vaguely visible, as are their sunken faces. Like all Barrow-wights, they wield the weapons that were buried with them in their crypts.

Among these spectral Warriors march the animated corpses of those newly dead Dunmen sacrificed by Tughaib at her dark altar. Similar to Ghouls, the walking dead remember nothing of their ambitions, hopes, failures, and accomplishments before death. They are dominated by a hunger for the life force of others and the commands of the shaman who created them.

Tughaib's Ghouls rarely leave the Ghost-caves that form her stronghold. Unable to keep pace with the Ghost Warriors who raid the Dunfearan vales, they act as a permanent guard for the shaman's caverns.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
8	65	RL/12	60	Y	Y	85bs	—	25
Dunnish Wights.								
6	68	Ch/14	70	Y	N	125sp	70sp	5
Walking Dead.								
4	35	SL/4	10	N	N	40SBa	50SCl	-5
Ghouls.								



THE CHAMBER OF MAZARBUL

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING REPELLING ORCS AND A CAVE TROLL

". . . There was a blow on the door that made it quiver; and then it began to grind slowly open, driving back the wedges. A huge arm and shoulder, with a dark skin of greenish scales, was thrust through the widening gap. Then a great, flat, toeless foot was forced through below. There was a dead silence outside . . .

"There was a crash on the door, followed by crash after crash. Rams and hammers were beating against it. It cracked and staggered back, and the opening grew suddenly wide. Arrows came whistling in, but struck the northern wall, and fell harmlessly to the floor. There was a horn blast and a rush of feet, and Orcs one after another leaped into the chamber."

— The Lord of the Rings, Vol. 1, pp. 421-22

THE SETTING — MORIA

The Chamber of Mazarbul is located on the Seventh Level of the Dwarven city that lies in the Misty Mountains beneath the triad of peaks named Caradhras, Celebdil, and Fanuidhol. The Chamber was the traditional repository for Moria's most honored tomes, and the Fellowship of the Ring stumbled across it almost by chance as they passed under the mountains on their journey toward Mordor to destroy the Dark Lord's Ruling Ring. The Orcs that attacked the Fellowship were under the orders of the Balrog whose dark will ruled Khazad-dûm during the last half of the Third Age.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Elrond of Rivendell chose the number of the company that would travel toward Mordor to cast the Ring into the Fire of Mount Doom: Nine Walkers against the Nine Riders of the Dark Lord. Frodo volunteered to be the Ring-bearer, and the persons who accompanied him represented the Free Peoples of Middle-earth. Legolas was chosen from the Elves, Gimli son of Glóin for the Dwarves, and Aragorn and Boromir for Men. The Hobbits Samwise, Pippin, and Merry were included upon Gandalf's advice when they refused to be parted from their friend. The Wizard's intuition held the loyalty of friendship to be more valuable to the Fellowship's quest than either great wisdom or formidable strength.

THE ORCS

Following the coming of the Balrog in T.A. 1980, hundreds of Orcs reside in Moria. Renegade bands roam the passages and camp in the chambers of the upper mines, while two entire tribes — the Durbaghâsh (B.S. "Fire-rulers") and the Snagahai (B.S. "Slave-folk") — occupy the First through Sixth Deeps. An even stronger force, the Uruk-Ungingúrz, dominates the central and eastern sections of the Sixth Level.

The Orcs befriend no one and obey only power. Their war cries and drumbeats permeate the dank mists of the underground city. Battles between feuding factions ravage the depths continually, and the moans of the fallen are quickly extinguished by the cannibalistic hand of the victor.

THE CAVE TROLL

Three Cave Trolls form the awesome bodyguard of Ufgamog, the Olog-lord who commands the Uruk-Ungingúrz. One of these lieutenants headed the Orc band that confronted the Fellowship of the Ring in the Chamber of Mazarbul.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
12	79	Ch/17	145	N	N	120ss	95sb	25
Frodo — Hobbit Scout/Rogue. Ring-bearer.								
9	77	Ch/13	145	Y	N	85ss	70sb	20
Samwise — Hobbit Scout/Thief. Ring-bearer.								
28	148	Ch/13	70	Y10	N	205bs	240lb	45
Legolas — Sinda Warrior/Fighter.								
8	125	Ch/13	60	Y30	N	130ha	85cp	5
Gimli — Dwarf Warrior/Fighter.								
27	180	No/1	60	N	N	185ss	180lb	30
Aragorn — Dúnadan Ranger.								
20	150	Ch/16	55	Y25	A/L	155bs	140cp	10
Boromir — Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter.								
8	71	Ch/13	20	N	N	95ss	80sb	20
Merry or Meriadoc Brandybuck — Hobbit Warrior/Fighter.								
8	63	Ch/13	30	N	N	85ss	95sb	30
Pippin or Peregrin Took — Hobbit Warrior/Fighter.								
40(80)	200	RL/12	120	N	A/L	180bs	15sp/da	45
Gandalf the Grey — Istar (Wizard) Mage. At the start of the War of the Ring.								
4	70	Pl/17	35	Y	N	75ss	75ha	5
Orcs — Mixed Uruk Warriors/Fighters. Adult Warriors.								
6	85	Pl/18	15	N	A/L	90th	85sb	10
Orcs — Mixed Uruk Warriors/Fighters. Guards. Take ears as trophies.								
10	140	RL/11	25	N	A/L	120ba	100HCl	5
Cave Troll — Warrior/Fighter. Use Large Creature Criticals.								



GALADRIEL'S MIRROR

Tathar, Líndal, and Galadriel

Tathar held his breath, awed by the presence of his Noldo Queen. In his arms, the Elf gently held his Silvan comrade Líndal, a messenger from Thranduil's kingdom in far Mirkwood. "Curse the filthy Orcs!" seethed Tather. Ambushed hardly a league from the Golden Wood, all of Líndal's party had perished; he had barely escaped with the message, suffering a poisoned arrow wound. Near death he staggered to the river Nimrodel, where Tathar, of the northern border guard, found him. Knowing the complexity of Orc-poisons, he applied only a Carnerem leaf to the wound, carrying the unconscious Líndal to Caras Galadhon. There a fellow Sinda guard awaited them at the gates. "Go directly to the Lady's Mirror-glade; she will see to the messenger there."

So here they stood. Galadriel's beauty and power far outshone the pale reflection that lived in Tathar's memories, and the night sky seemed but a starry net for her shimmering golden hair. As with all the Eldar, the Lady of the Wood seemed strangely remote, but deep in her eyes lay warm concern.

Líndal was now little more than a dead weight against Tather; if any magic could heal him, it must work quickly! The White Lady approached, her healing hands outstretched . . .

The Setting — Lórien

The river Celebrant forms the southern border of the forest of Lórien, while the Misty Mountains stand at its western edge and the Anduin River flows by the realm's eastern bounds. The eaves of Mirkwood and the barren hill of Amon Lanc face Lórien across the current of the Great River. And for many long years the Necromancer strove against Galadriel, the power within the Golden Wood, from his stronghold of Dol Guldur.

During the Third Age, Galadriel held the Elven forest-realm secure by her own might and the Ring of Water, Nenya. Guardians of the Wood, such as Tathar, aided her labors by keeping a watch on Lórien's borders. Messengers, such as Líndal, from the other Elven strongholds of Endor allowed the Eldar to combat the Shadow of Evil together.

Tathar

A Guardian of the Wood, Tathar's usual post is on the northern border of Lórien. He resides in a flet there and sees the interior of the realm he guards infrequently. Adept with a longknife and deadly with his long bow, the Sinda carries both weapons. He is exceptionally skilled at moving quietly through the forest and wears garb that blends with brown bark of the beeches and rowan trees that grow more numerously in northern Lórien than do the mallyrn.

Líndal

A member of the Pengwador ("Brotherhood of the Bow") and a messenger for the Silvan King in northern Mirkwood, Líndal is the fleetest of the archers assigned to the Nivrim or West March of Thranduil's realm. He frequently travels between the Aradhrynd ("Halls of the Elven-king") and Lórien, carrying messages between Galadriel and Thranduil. Only during his latest journey has he ever been caught by the Orcs.

Líndal wears the typical garb of his folk: a light green hooded tunic highlighted by a border of abstract leaves, soft brown hose and suede boots, and leather belt securing a wallet of lembas and a flask of Elven wine. His bow, stolen by his Orcish foes, was one of the few great bows of Doriath remaining among his kin.

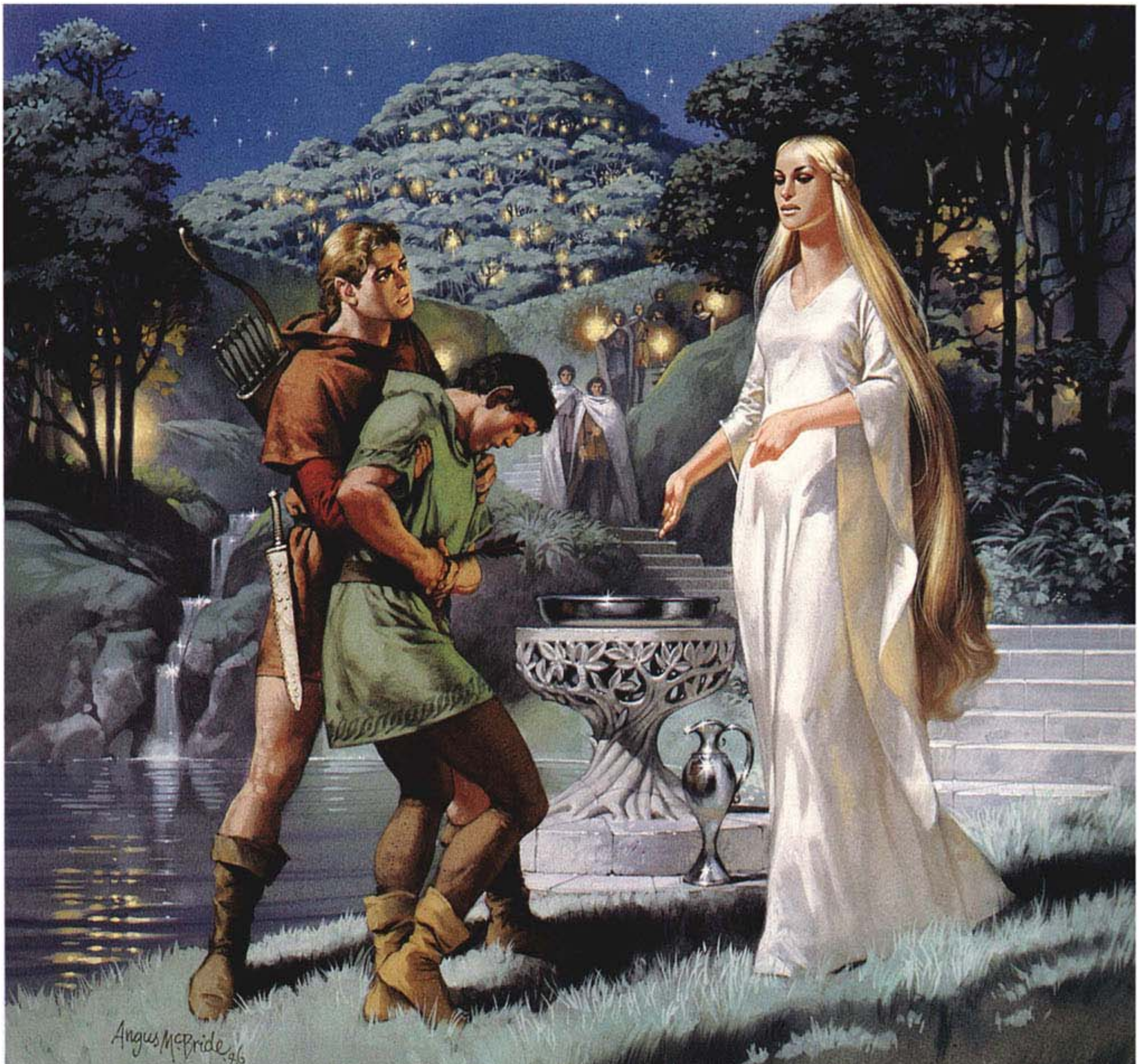
Galadriel

Born in the Undying Lands, the daughter of Finarfin and Ëarwen of Alqualondë, Galadriel was one of the mighty among the Eldar. She forsook Aman for Middle-earth with her brethren to fight in the hopeless war against Morgoth. Although she took no oaths, she — like the rest of the Noldor — suffered the Ban of the Valar and was forbidden to return to the Undying Lands after the war.

For many ages, Galadriel felt no desire to return to the West. She had become enamored of the wide lands of Endor, and wished a realm of her own to rule. So it was that she remained in Middle-earth, reigning first in the Elven-city Ost-in-Edhil and then in the forest-realm of Lórien.

Galadriel was tall, even for one of the Noldor, rivalling her brothers in height. She wore robes of silver-white and bore Nenya, one of the three Elven Rings of Power, on her hand.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
10	124	No/1	40	N	N	120ss	170lb	25
Tathar — Sinda Warrior/Fighter. Guardian of Lórien. +20 longknife (strikes as a short sword); +15 longbow.								
8	91	No/1	50	N	N	95bs	120lb	25
Líndal — Silvan Scout/Rogue. Messenger for Thranduil. Boots of Silence, +25 stalking and hiding.								
60(90)	185	Pl/20	150	Y	N	170bs	190lb	55
Galadriel — Noldo Bard/Mystic (Seer). Queen of Lórien.								


Angus McBride '86

ENT-DRAUGHTS

TREEBEARD, MERRY, AND PIPPIN

"... Treebeard lifted two great vessels and stood them on the table. They seemed to be filled with water; but he held his hands over them, and immediately they began to glow, one with a golden and the other with a rich green light; and the blending of the two lights lit the bay, as if the sun of summer was shining through a roof of young leaves. Looking back, the Hobbits saw that the trees in the court had also begun to glow, faintly at first, but steadily quickening, until every leaf was edged with light: some green, some gold, some red as copper; while the tree trunks looked like pillars moulded out of luminous stone.

"'Well, well, now we can talk again,' said Treebeard. 'You are thirsty, I expect. Perhaps you are also tired. Drink this!' He went to the back of the bay, and then they saw that several tall stone jars stood there, with heavy lids. He removed one of the lids, and dipped in a great ladle, and with it filled three bowls, one very large bowl, and two smaller ones.

"'This is an ent-house,' he said, 'and there are no seats, I fear. But you may sit on the table.' Picking up the Hobbits he set them on the great stone slab, six feet above the ground, and there they sat dangling their legs, and drinking in sips.

"The drink was like water, indeed very like the taste of the draughts they had drunk from the Entwash near the borders of the forest, and yet there was some scent or savour in it which they could not describe: it was faint, but it reminded them of the smell of a distant wood borne from afar by a cool breeze at night. . ."

— The Lord of the Rings, Vol. 2, pp. 92-3

THE SETTING — FANGORN FOREST

Fangorn Forest is a huge woodland that lies along the southeastern flank of the Misty Mountains. The river Limlaith forms its northern border, while the Entwash (S. "Onodlo") flows through its southern eaves. The dry, rugged hills of Rohan's Wold stand vigil to the east.

Treebeard the Ent makes his home in Fangorn, tending the trees of the forest which are under his care. The Hobbits Pippin and Merry fled into Fangorn when they escaped the Orcs that had captured them at Parth Galen near Rauros. Separated from the Fellowship of the Ring, they encountered Treebeard and told the Ent their story after he had offered both Hobbits Ent-draughts for their refreshment.

TREEBEARD

Treebeard, the guardian of Fangorn Forest, was, aside from the Maiar, the oldest living creature in Middle-earth. He was instrumental in the establishment of the wood as the last true haven for the Ents, and his care for the trees there prompted a greater interest in the events of the outside world than was typical of Ents. Treebeard resembles a beech or an oak tree, standing some fifteen feet tall. A beard covers the lower part of his face, the roots being thick and twig-like while the ends grew thin and mossy. His eyes were brown, holding a green light in their depths.

MERRY

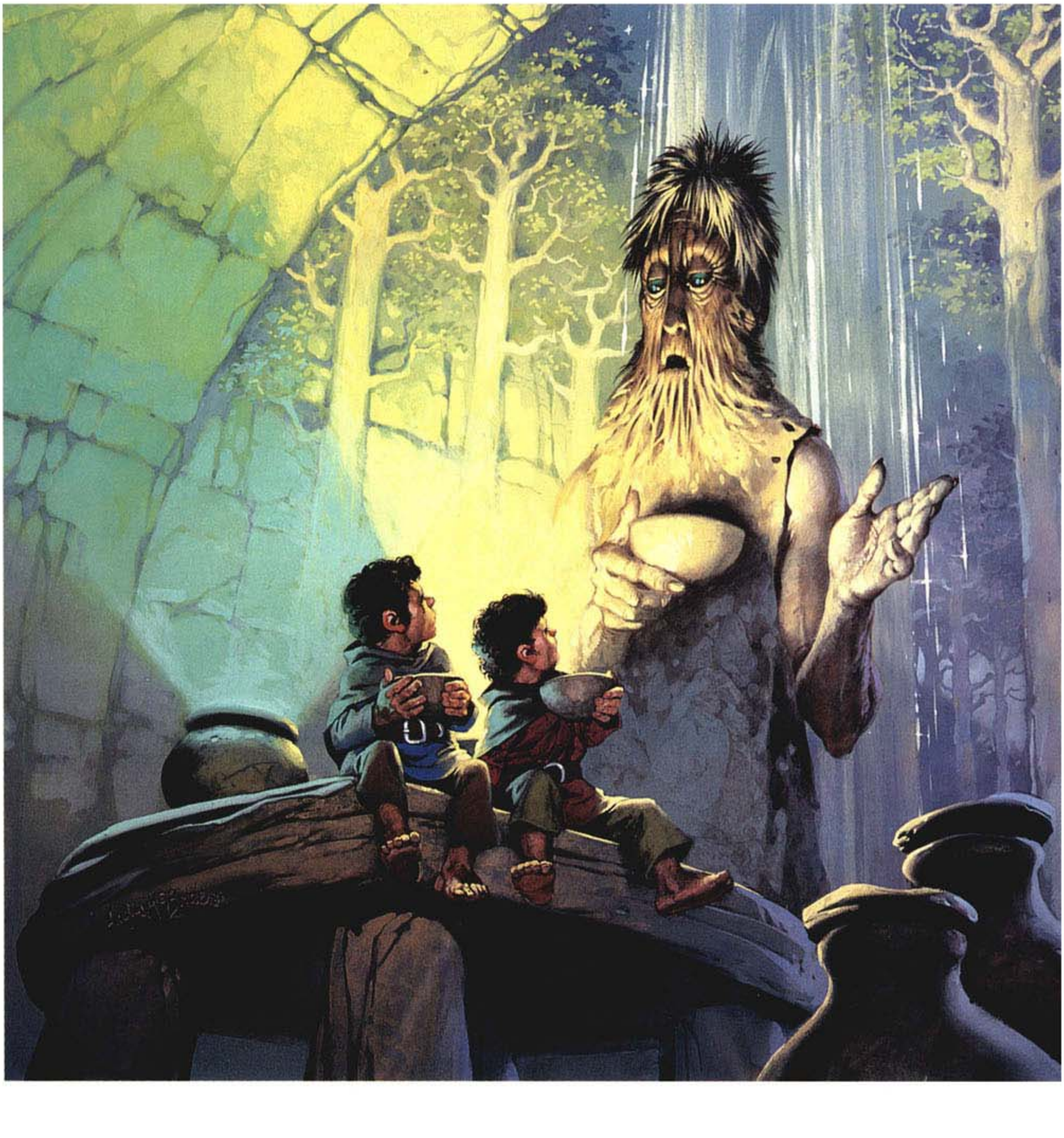
As his name implies, Merry had something of an irrepressibly optimistic temperament. Despite his light-hearted attitude, he also possessed a scholarly bent, displayed early in the quest of the Ring when he spouted off at great length about the Old Forest bordering Buckland. When the Hobbit reached Rivendell, he spent hours in the libraries of Imladris studying the maps of the strange lands through which he would soon be travelling. Upon escaping from the Orcs who captured himself and Pippin, Merry was able to inform his friend of their precise location. *"We are walking west along the Entwash. The butt-end of the Misty Mountains is in front, and Fangorn Forest."*

Like Pippin, while in Fangorn, Merry was missing the Dagger of Westernesse that he bore from the Barrow-downs. He retained his cloak-pin, however, his cloak, Elf-belt, and some lembas.

PIPPIN

Pippin was the youngest member of the Ring Company. Naive and curious, he possessed a terrible penchant for falling into trouble. However, when he and Merry were captured by the Orcs at Parth Galen, Pippin's determination and courage pushed him to leave the brooch of his Elven-cloak for Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli to find. And his ability to counterfeit the part of the Ring-bearer helped both Hobbits to escape their Orcish captors. Pippin eventually recovered his Dagger of Westernesse and his cloakpin from Aragorn's hands, but during the Hobbit's sojourn in Fangorn his possessions included only the clothes he stood in, an Elven cloak, the belt and buckle that was the gift of Galadriel, and a pouch of lembas.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
55	556	Pl/19	50	N	N	210HBa	180HGr	30
Treebeard — Onod Treeherd. Criticals achieved use the Super Criticals Table.								
8	71	SL/5	20	Y	N	95ss	80sb	20
Merry — Hobbit Warrior/Fighter. Théoden's esquire.								
8	63	Ch/13	30	N	N	85ss	95sb	30
Pippin — Hobbit Warrior/Fighter. Peregrin Took.								



THE ORTHANC-STONE

Saruman

Deep within the black needle which was Orthanc, Saruman made a slow journey to the high chamber housing the Palantír. Anticipation was colored with a faint tinge of dread, for the Wizard knew that to look into the Seeing-stone was a choice fraught with peril. Even one of the Istari must approach an item such as this with caution.

Saruman had studied thoroughly the lore of the Seven Stones of Fëanor, and knew well the workings of the orbs. His pure white robes swept the ancient steps as he approached the arched door, locked for these many hundreds of years. A turn of the intricate key and the door swung inward. Within, resting in the center of a stone table, was the Palantír. The Wizard sat before the stone, and deep within the dark orb he saw a glimmer of light. As he stared into the translucent sphere, the light grew and grew, until the glow seemed to fill his vision. Yes! He had awakened the Seeing-stone! Saruman sent his gaze wandering afar, seeking for knowledge of events across Middle-earth.

But to the East, another Eye, bent upon the Palantír captured from Minas Ithil, roved across the fields of Gondor and beyond, searching . . . searching for the One Ring. The Dark Lord had yet to locate his Ring, but he soon detected the probings of the White Wizard. And with the Palantír Sauron knew that he could corrupt his fellow Maia, twisting his thoughts even as he perverted the Istar's visions in the Seeing-stone...

The Setting — Isengard

The tower of Orthanc rises from the Circle of Isengard in a valley at the southernmost tip of the Misty Mountains. Constructed by the Númenóreans to fortify the Gap of Calenardhon against Sauron, the citadel lost much of its strategic importance with the defeat of the Dark Lord at the end of the Second Age. A reduced garrison, sufficient to guard the Palantír housed there, was quartered in the chambers of the ring-wall until T.A. 2050. Mardil, the first of the Ruling Stewards ordered Orthanc locked and the keys removed to Minas Tirith. Centuries later, in T.A. 2759, Saruman the White was granted access to Isengard, where he continued his study of the ways of Darkness, eventually succumbing entirely to their evil lure.

Saruman

Saruman, named Curumo by the Elves, was Chief of the Order of Wizards, and the greatest of the Maiar who served Aulë. Sable-haired and smooth-tongued, he was a master of diplomacy; cunning and wise, he was a brilliant scholar who quickly mastered mechanical devices and the ways of alchemy. The White Wizard deserved his title: "the Man of Skill."

Tall and strong of build, Saruman was undoubtably the most imposing of the Istari. He carried himself in a self-assured and rather lordly manner, at ease among gatherings of the most powerful figures. He was aloof, however, and others confided in him because of his knowledge and skill, not because of any emotional bond.

When Saruman renounced his guardianship over Orthanc in T.A. 2953, claiming the fortress and surrounding valley as his own, he began gathering an army of Orcs, Wolves, Wargs, and evil Men. His hair turned gradually white, but his robes took on a subtle, many-hued aura due to the weaving of fine, multi-colored threads. The symbolic transformation accompanied a very real change, for Saruman of Many Colors dedicated himself to nothing less than dominion over all Middle-earth.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
50(100)	200	RL/12	110	N	(A/L)	100bs	25sp	45
Saruman — Maia (Istar) Mage/Alchemist (Astrologer). The "White" Wizard.								
50(100)	200	RL/12	130	N	(A/L)	100bs	25sp	45
Saruman — The "Many-colored," after his fall from grace, T.A. 2953-3018.								
50(12)	90	No/2	40	N	N	100bs	25sp	20
Saruman — "Sharkey," after his fall from power, T.A. 3019-3020.								



ROHIR WERGILD

Éogil and Dreorl Dispatch Two Orcs

The night cold drove the tears out of the Rider's eyes. Éogil rode hard, the mane of his grey horse flaying the flanks of his legs. Waet, his mount, thundered over the tumbling, grassy ridges with unyielding grace. The two Rohirrim had to catch the Orc scouts before they reached sight of the enemy camp. And they had to avenge the murder of his sister Ure.

Just ahead, Éogil could see his companion Dreorl. The older Rider readied his lance as he closed upon the slower of the two Orcs. Tucking his shield and lowering his pole arm, he charged. His lance bending under the pressure, Dreorl speared his foe, lifting the doomed creature with the shock of his blow. The Orc died without uttering a word.

Éogil was heartened as he caught up with the fray. He smiled, he drew his broadsword, and gently guided his horse to the right of Dreorl's mount. The second Orc now stood his ground, wielding his short falchion with both of his clawed hands. Éogil muttered as he closed: "Your black blood will run this night, for the last time . . . By Béma, you will pay for Ure's life, even if your foul soul is but a pallid pittance!"

Waet tucked her head, as if knowing her master needed room to swing down on the short, stout Orc. Éogil's sword arced through his foe's chest, hurling the crying beast backward. In a few stirring seconds, the chase was over.

As Éogil brought Waet around to examine the fallen Orcs, Dreorl leaned over from his stout saddle and wiped the tip of his lance in the tall grass. The older Rider looked to the ridge beyond, and calmly praised their handiwork: "We prevail; they fail. They will warn no one tonight or any night . . . I'd rather leave them for the buzzards, but we'd better bury them."

Éogil replied: "I only hope their tainted blood doesn't kill the grass."

The Setting — Rohan

Rohan is a vast tract of meadowland bounded by the Anduin on the east, the River Isen on the west, the White Mountains to the south, and the eaves of Fangorn Forest to the north. During Saruman's tenure of Isengard, the northwestern fields of the territory are unsafe. Each night Orcish raiding parties scour the region for fresh meat and plunder. Éogil's sister fell victim to one of these companies. Her brother and his friend, Dreorl, rode in pursuit of the two Orc scouts who had slain Ure and were fleeing to warn the rest of their band of the movements of the Rohirrim.

The Orcs

Scouts under orders from the White Hand, Vurbôk and Markûl were spying on the deployment of the cavalry of the West Emnet during a break in a skirmish. They stumbled upon a lone cottage where Ure completed the tasks of house and stable in the absence of her brothers and father. Éogil's sister did not survive the encounter, but the scouts lived only a few hours longer. Both were well-armed: Markûl wielded a hand axe and dagger, while Vurbôk brandished a knotched, but deadly, falchion.

Dreorl

Dreorl is a Thane of the Riddermark's cavalry and commands an Éored of 100 Knights. He is an experienced fighter and wears a chain mail suit that falls to his ankles. His peaked helm possesses a nose guard, and his mount bears a reinforced saddle, capable of absorbing the impact of a full charge. Although he has wealth enough to employ the heavy, twelve-foot yew spear used by the heavy cavalry, Dreorl prefers the more traditional nine-foot spear. His ability to maneuver the lighter weapon more than compensates for its lesser mass.

Éogil

A Horse-archer in the cavalry of the Riddermark, Éogil carries a composite bow and two quivers of arrows in lieu of a lance. He is adept with his broadsword, however, and his helm possesses the noseguard typical of the heavy cavalry. A chain hauberk hangs to Éogil's knees, below which red wrappings secure his trousers close about his boots. He bears a round shield whose green surface displays a white horse, the device of Rohan.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
7	97	Ch/13	45	Y5	N	95bs	80cp	10
Éogil — Rohir Warrior/Fighter								
11	123	Ch/13	40	Y	N	132sp	100sp	5
Dreorl — Rohir Warrior/Fighter.								
5	75	Pl/17	15	N	N	40fa	—	0
Vurbôk — Orch Scout/Rogue.								
6	80	Ch/13	15	N	N	60ha	40da	10
Markûl — Orch Scout/Rogue.								


Angus McBride
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A MARSHLAND MENACE

Imcamir Beset by a Mewlips

Imcamir savored the marsh: the thick mists, the strange sounds, the eerie mix of lurid color splashed against the rotting forest curtain. It remained always a shrouded place where the Scout could retreat and find peace — a place where a man never forgot that he was very much alive. By Yavanna, he loved the marsh.

Trailing a line, Imcamir quietly rowed toward the Heron's Mere. A light breeze fingered the water ahead, driving away the relentless gnats and grounding the dragonfly that rested on his spear. It was a good day to find pike.

Suddenly, two Blue Otters darted over a great log that blocked the bend up ahead. They swam hard, like beasts touched by the face of doom. Imcamir's stomach stirred as he realized that he'd taken the wrong channel. Muttering a curse, he frantically reversed course.

The boat lurched sideways as a great algae-tinged wave poured over the gunwhale. Engulfed in the fetid shower, Imcamir fought to hang on and to stay afloat. All the while, the panicked cries of birds rung through the spray-filled air.

The Scout knew he had become prey . . . "Araw!" he cried, as he tumbled into the stream.

The Setting — The Entwash River

The Entwash (S. "Onodló") rises in Fangorn Forest and spills out across the lush plains east of the Misty Mountains. Midway down its course, the river broadens and slows and can no longer be bridged or forded. Its final juncture with the Anduin is a confused delta with myriad streams. A well-travelled trade route, the Entwash connects the granaries, herders, and wool merchants of Calenardhon with the docks of Harlond (the South-haven of Minas Anor) and Pelargir. The King's orders keep one channel through the delta of the Onodló dredged open, but the maze of waterways feeding the Nog Mennin (S. "Delved Waterway") harbor many dangers. Fen boars, vicious sturgeon, monstrous wels, and poisonous marsh adders are but a few of the denizens that threaten intruders.

Imcamir

Imcamir, a youth of eighteen summers, has newly joined the Gondorian River Patrol. Growing up in Mering Steps, the town at the long established crossing-point over the Mering Stream, the young man continually felt the lure of the marshlands so nearby. As a guardsman, he frequently spends as many hours on the water channels in his leisure time as he does while on patrol duty. Solitude in a gently rocking boat with a fine fishing spear at hand remains his favorite pleasure.

The Mewlips

Mewlips are an evil, semi-legendary race of exceedingly rare, cannibalistic spirits. Fond of the most noisome and darkest swamps and marshes, they have a silent tread and strangling hands, although they typically wield weapons of rusty steel or stone. They are deceptively human in appearance; but their backs are horribly hunched and their skin shines with a clammy, greenish-brown pallor. Even their ragged clothing is moist and foul.

Mewlips feed on almost anything, and they covet shiny objects, particularly things of gold. It is rumored that such items remind them of uncursed life, of the nature of creatures who are not in the thrall of Darkness. Perhaps these tales are true, for the Mewlips are perversions left behind by Morgoth, and they date to the Elder Days.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
5	49	SL/	20	N	N	30da	30sp	25

Imcamir — Northman Scout/Thief.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Size/Crit	Speed
4	60	No/1	35	M	F/MD

Attack: 50we/75MBi/—

The Mewlips — Semi-aquatic Undead. Trance spell: 10'R, 1 rnd/5% failure, drain blood each round (2-20 hits/rnd).



A RING OF POWER

CELEBRIMBOR AT THE FORGE

"It was in Eregion that the counsels of Sauron were most gladly received, for in that land the Noldor desired ever to increase the skill and subtlety of their works. Moreover they were not at peace in their hearts, since they had refused to return into the West, and they desired both to stay in Middle-earth, which indeed they loved, and yet to enjoy the bliss of those that had departed. Therefore they hearkened to Sauron, and learned of him many things, for his knowledge was great. In those days the smiths of Ost-in-Edhil surpassed all that they had contrived before; and they took thought, and they made Rings of Power. . .

". . . Narya, Nenya, and Vilya, they were named, the Rings of Fire, and of Water, and of Air, set with ruby and adamant and sapphire; and of all the Elven-rings Sauron most desired to possess them, for those who had them in their keeping could ward off the decays of time and postpone the weariness of the world. But Sauron could not discover them, for they were given into the hands of the Wise, who concealed them and never again used them openly while Sauron kept the Ruling Ring. Therefore the Three remained unsullied, for they were forged by Celebrimbor alone, and the hand of Sauron had never touched them; yet they also were subject to the One."

— The Silmarillion, pp. 287-88

THE SETTING — EREGION

Eregion, the "Holly-land," occupies the terrain between the rivers Hoarwell (Mitheithel) and Loudwater (Bruinen) to the north and west, and the Glanduin to the south. Ost-in-Edhil, the Elf-haven where the Jewel-smiths founded their forges, was situated on the north bank just downstream from the confluence of the Sirannon and the Glanduin. Deep in the bowels of the Mírdaithrond (Halls of the Mírdain), Celebrimbor forged the Three Elven Rings of Power.

CELEBRIMBOR

Among the greatest of the Noldor, Celebrimbor (S. "Hand of Silver") was born and lived his early life in Nargothrond, the cavern stronghold of Beleriand. He studied the ways of his grandfather, Fëanor, and later founded the Gwaith-i-Mírdain (S. "Brotherhood of the Jewel-smiths") in the new realm of Eregion.

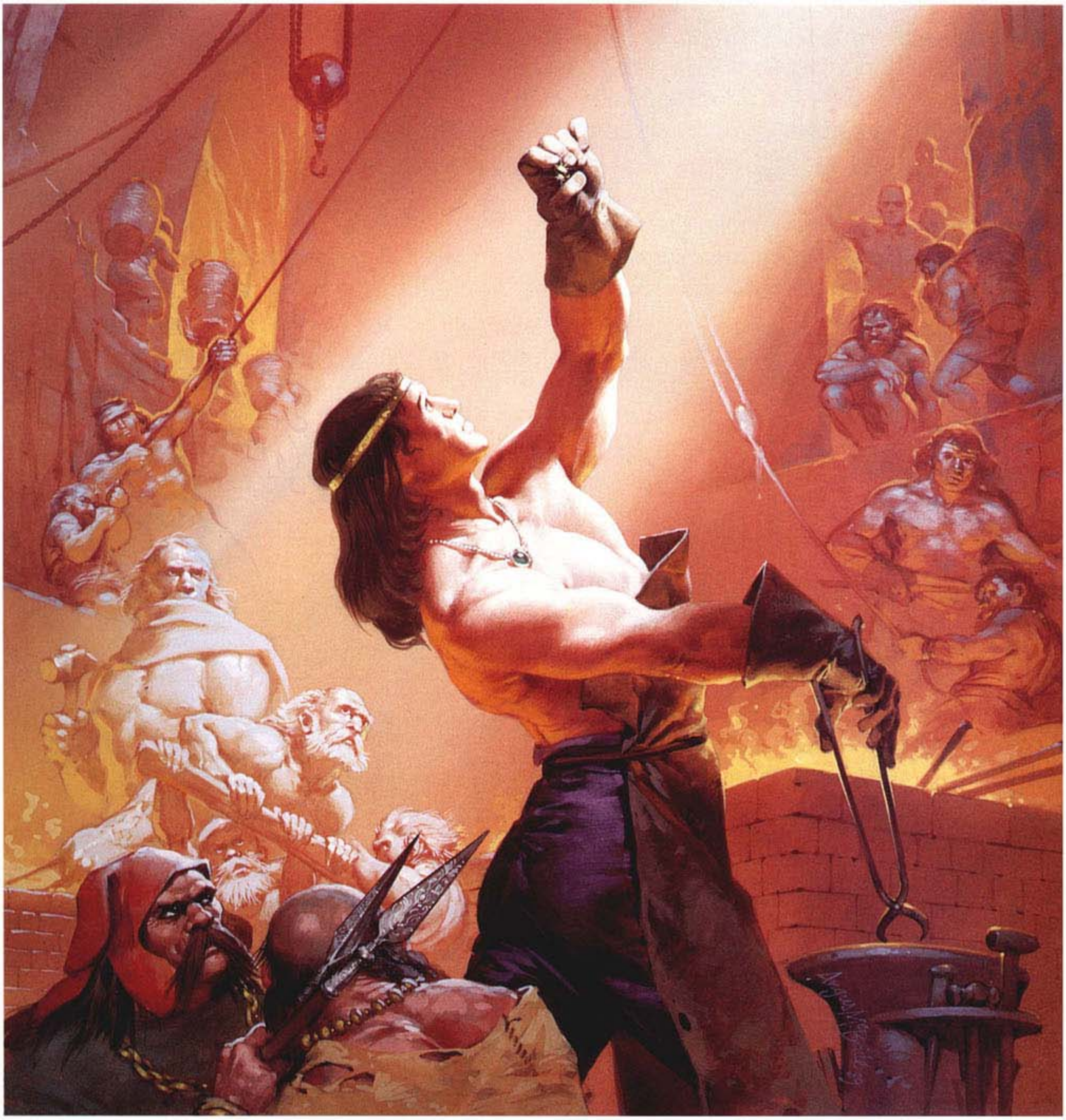
One of the most skilled smiths in the history of Middle-earth, Celebrimbor was surpassed only by Fëanor, the creator of the Silmarilli and the Palantíri. Although Fëanor's grandson never lived in the Undying Lands, his years in Beleriand were spent honing his abilities under the tutelage of the most illustrious Eldarin smiths. However, it was Celebrimbor's fiery spirit, inherited from his grandsire, that gave his works at the forge a splendor unrivaled by all other artifacts created in Endor.

A tall Noldo, Celebrimbor was also very strong with a large bone structure that gave him a commanding presence. His hair was dark brown, usually reaching to his shoulders, and his eyes a dark, silvery grey. His glance could be sharp as knives, but often the smith's eyes held a distant softness, an almost wistful look.

Although Celebrimbor was soft-spoken, he garnered a deserved reputation for impatience. Few pupils were bright enough to follow his instruction, and the smith refused to coddle those lacking such ability. He was a secretive person, sharing his ringmaking techniques with Annatar grudgingly and in return for considerable knowledge from the Lord of Gifts. Unfortunately, Sauron the Maia learned more than Celebrimbor guessed from the smith's unspoken thoughts.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
50(65)	180	Pl/20	153	Y30	A/L	210bs	160cp	55

Celebrimbor — Noldo Mage/Alchemist (Fighter). Master smith of Ost-in-Edhil. Amulet, highly intelligent, analyzes any material or alloy within 30', stores three 10th-lvl Essence spells/day, +33 to all forging operations; gloves, total protection of hands from heat, electricity, and cold, natural or magical, allow wearer to work as if not wearing gloves; circlet, protects as full helm, negates head and neck crits on a roll of 10-50.



THE LAST HOMELY HOUSE

Akhôrahil and Indûr Dawndeath

The moon cast a bright, silvery light across the treetops and ridges above Elrond's home at Rivendell. Sweet smoke filled the air in the deep, green vale. A gentle murmur from the nearby waterfall provided subtle percussion for the chorus of insects and owls residing in the surrounding canyon. Here, breathtaking beauty was commonplace; everything was at peace.

It seemed like a normal night in the Last Homely House. Lamps glimmered and Elven music spilled through the halls. Lost in thought, the ageless master, Elrond, contemplated the dark days to come, and the horrors that already gripped the lands beyond the neighboring mountains.

Little did he know that two of the Dark Lord's most trusted servants rode nearby. Searching in apparent vain, Akhôrahil and Indûr scoured the land in hope of finding the One Ring. Desperate, they dared venture near one of the most sacred and guarded of the Free Peoples' havens — Elrond's own secluded manor. As bold and powerful as they were, though, even the Nazgûl sensed the strength of venerable Half-elf. They stayed on the trail above the mansion, and spurred their black beasts westward . . . as fast as they could fly.

The Setting — Rivendell

Rivendell, or Imladris, has long been a place of refuge in the inhospitable lands of Rhudaur that surround the valley. Situated between the north and south forks of the Bruinen (Loudwater) in the Pinefells, the haven's safety derives from the power of Elrond Half-elven and the mightiest of the Three Elven Rings, Vilya, Ring of Air. Evil things could not pass within the confines of Elrond's realm. The spies of Angmar and even the stronger minions of the Dark Lord, the Nazgûl, dared only sniff round the borders of the enchanted vale.

Akhôrahil

Akhôrahil was the second of the fallen Númenórean lords to fall under the enduring spell of Sauron's Ruling Ring. He had acquired a vast empire spanning both Far and Greater Harad before he ascribed to a secret treaty with the Dark Lord. Throughout the Second Age and much of the Third, the Storm King pursued his master's will in the South. In T.A. 1640, however, Sauron called the Nazgûl north to prepare and secure Mordor against his return. Akhôrahil took part in the search for the One Ring with his fellow Úlairi. In the course of the wild chase back and forth across the Lone Lands, he passed by Rivendell more than once.

Indûr Dawndeath

Indûr Dawndeath was the fourth King of Men to accept a Ring of Power from the Dark Lord. From the throne of Mûmakan, the Úlair added the lands of Gan, eastern Dûshera, and most of the great southern archipelago to Sauron's holdings in the Utter South of Middle-earth. He abandoned his domains three times during the Third Age to came north and do his master's bidding there. The Nazgûl rode with the other Ringwraiths in the search for the One Ring, viewing the refuge of Imladris from the valley's rim with Akhôrahil.

Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	Mov M
36	155	Ch/15	85	N	N	125ma	75ss	5
Akhôrahil — Black Númenórean Mage/Sorcerer.								
37	165	Ch/13	120	Y15	N	140sc	95cp	5
Indûr Dawndeath — Kiran Mage.								



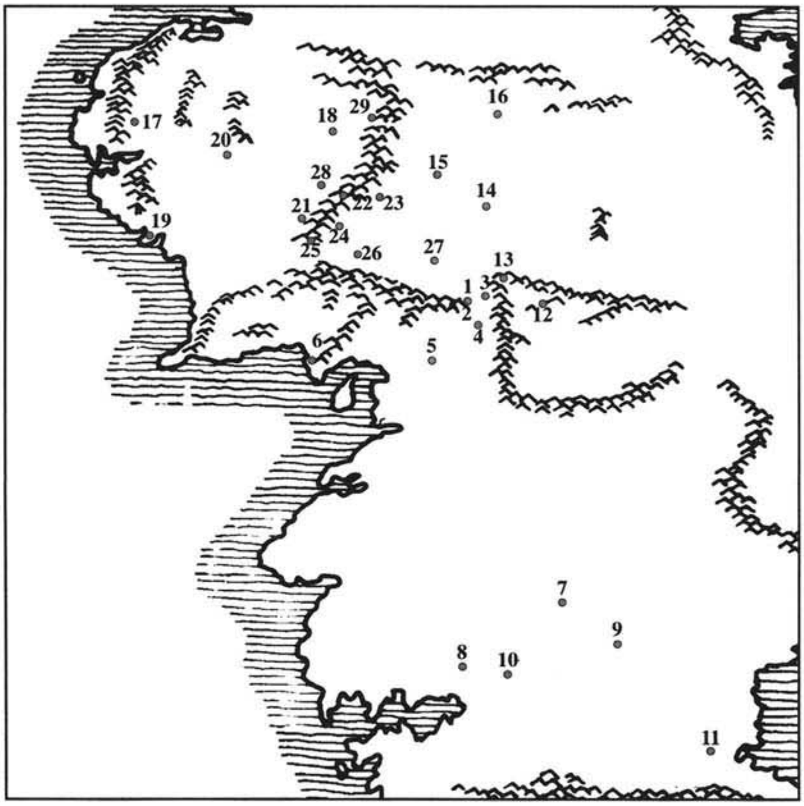
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